

INSIDE: The Conservatives' blueprint for a new austerity

Maclean's

NOVEMBER 12, 1984

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

\$1.50

INDIA AFTER GANDHI

—
**The Sikh
assassins'
fearful
legacy**
—

**A reluctant
son's terrible
burden**
—

**A nation at
war with itself**

**Slain Prime Minister
Indira Gandhi**



"So what's for dinner?"

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Maclean's

NOVEMBER 25, 1984 VOL. 97 NO. 48

COVER

India after Indira Gandhi

Rajiv Gandhi coughed a flaming torch to the lips narrowing his mother's body in New Delhi on Saturday, drawing the curtain on an era when she unceremoniously dominated Indian politics. After Sikh extremists murdered Indira Gandhi, a reaction Rajiv accepted the challenge of welding together the warring factions of a divided nation. —Page 34

CONTRAST BY ENZO ANGILERI



Malrose's team takes over

Some of Brian Mulroney's oldest and closest friends are among the new set of *They* power brokers that has moved into the most influential offices in Ottawa. —Page 19



New waves of Pacific art

Despite an economic slump and administrative problems at the Vancouver Art Gallery, that city's patrons are currently celebrating their creativity. —Page 26



The horror of famine

Photographs of thousands of starving Ethiopians prompted an outpouring of emergency aid, but relief workers warned that it may be too little too late. —Page 40



A year of opportunity

Calvinian Kuo-Tai Tilly captured the 34th Miss Canada title at the annual pageant in Toronto and began her one-year term with a shopping spree. —Page 21

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Gandhi remembered

David North, Macdon's new London-based European Bureau Chief, was in Paris last week when he learned that Sikh bodyguards had killed India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. He promptly flew to New Delhi to report this week's cover story (written by Senior Writer Susan Laver). North had not been able to arrange an entry visa but Canadian Embassy officials in The Hague swiftly contacted their counterparts at the High Commission in New Delhi, who cut through



North in New Delhi: once the scene with some help but no of it

the red tape and arranged for him to pass through customs and immigration.

Managing Editor Robert Lewis took a particular interest in events as they unfolded through the week, having talked with Gandhi in 1978 during Conservative Leader Joe Clark's world tour. Rosalind Lewis: "While Clark went sightseeing, Gandhi greeted me in a large, tree-shaded foyer in her comfortable Delhi mansion. Reflecting on the demands of coping with her nation's 'gigantic' problems, she declared: 'You have to be two steps ahead. You must have a clear idea of what is going to happen and try to lessen any explosion.'"

Kevin Doyle

March 31, 1984

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INTRODUCING THE MOST SUCCESSFUL IMPORT EVER INTRODUCED



Introducing the 1985 Pony. It looks a lot like the '84—which set a sales record for import car launches in Canada—which looked much like the '83, the '82, the '78 and the original '76.

By now, Pony has a well-deserved reputation for value, reliability and comfort. Hyundai builds in more features yearly to keep making the Pony an irresistible buy.

For 1985, Pony sports a black grill, door handles and other trim. The colour of the seat belt webbing coordinates with the rest of the interior. The seat belt and door ajar buzzers are replaced by chimes. And an

efficient 1600 cc engine replaces the penny-pinching 1439 cc engine in the top of line GLS model.

Review all of the changes from 1984 to 1985 at your Hyundai dealer, and take the time to check out what *hasn't* changed.

The Pony still boasts remarkable standards. Michelin steel-belted all-season radial tires are standard. So is full interior car-

peting and so are fully adjustable front bucket seats. Four doors and a hatchback are standard. A gorgeous lighted factory rustproofing and halogen headlights are standard, standard and standard.

The Pony still uses regular, leaded gasoline—the cheapest kind. So the 1985 Pony is economical to own and maintain.

Like the 1984 Pony, this year's model is one of the best bargains you can drive. Only more so.

TAKE A PONY FOR A RIDE





"Peter," I said,
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he replied to my amazement.



1. Mr. Tegrin Medicated Dandruff Shampoo isn't just for problems dandruff.

Peter: If you want healthy looking hair - you have to start by getting hair and scalp really clean



2. Peter: When I shower I use Tegrin regularly to do a thorough cleaning job.

Me: And your clean, healthy-looking hair is proof that Tegrin helps control dandruff.



3. Peter: Right. And Tegrin also helps control that oily scalp that used to annoy me.

Me: Again, it shows Tegrin gets your scalp really clean.



4. Me: I'm going to give Tegrin Medicated Dandruff Shampoo a try myself.

Peter: You should try the herbal scent. Works just as hard as regular Tegrin to get your hair and scalp really clean.

they leave each other alone." Naturally, no one language group claims superiority over the other. One is led to suspect that Vancouver-born Hayakawa was underpinned by the virulent anti-Quebec propaganda that was very prevalent in Canada through the 1960s and 1970s.

—MARCA LAPRANZIO
Windsor

Independence and its price

Remembering "A declaration of female independence" (October, Oct. 18) it means nothing for Hildegard Martens, a woman in her 40s, earning more than \$30,000 per year, to declare her independence and choose to have a child out of wedlock and raise him alone. She can afford it! But how can the author equate her choice with that of Joan Lee (a pseudonym), who chose to have a child out of wedlock and raise him at the taxpayer's expense? What kind of independence is that? The author makes the statement that "despite financial problems she expressed no regret at her decision to have the child." I should say not. Why should she regret having the child since he is the means by which she can get a free ride? What kind of values will that child grow up with? —MARCO ANTONIO GARCIA
Agincourt, Ont.

I can imagine Joanne Martens at the age of 38 on a Saturday night asking her 60-year-old mother for the keys to the family car. This is sad. But it is sadder to read that people like Joan Lee (a pseudonym) can plan and indulge their desire to have a baby out of wedlock and live on mother's allowance. And Rachel Schatzman, a woman's studies professor at York University, calls this female independence. Lee is not an example of women's independence, quite the contrary; she is showing the crassest kind of dependence by getting the taxpayer and charitable organizations to support her lifestyle. Such lessons on our welfare system should be exposed.

—MICHAEL KUTNER
Agincourt, Ont.

Song and subs

Regarding Allan Fotheringham's column "The annual human transplant" (Oct. 18) while it does not surprise me that Fotheringham wrote "about the shocking scandal that proved to be far-fetched of nine-tenths of women slipping off" and reverted to (or maintained) locker room conversations, I was surprised that Martens printed it. I thought your magazine had more class.

—RAYMOND BORDA
Toronto

Politicians and others as the news who occasionally suffer from their own occupational hazard—foot-to-mouth disease—thereby rendering themselves

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Every great Martini has a silent partner.

vulnerable to Alan Petheringham's wendron wit and devious derision, may profit by reading his Oct. 15 release. A small gift of Westell, Kent's, best butter, dispatched in three of seven, could make a difference. It apparently makes Petheringham unbelievably

—CARLETON BLISS,
Port Stanley, Ont.

The fight over UFFI

My family was among the "60,000 unlucky homeowners" who recalled the government-approved UFFI. A warning detected too late," Canada, Oct. 15). I find it totally incomprehensible that the same government that shows such "reluctance to charge civil servants" (discrepancy about only 50 quid in changing the 50,000 conservative-business Commission with such a substantial financial and personal burden.

—ANDREA HOFFMAN
St. John's

The results of studies in New Jersey, Ontario and the Mayo Clinic have shown no evidence of respiratory illness or asthma resulting from UFFI. A recent British study of 1,500 workers exposed to formaldehyde levels as much as 20 times higher than in UFFI homes for as long as 10 years found no evidence of increased cancer risk. Here in Massachusetts and Minnesota have been overturned, and the nationwide ban enacted in 1985 was annulled by a U.S. appeals court. UFFI continues to be installed in Europe, and Canada is now the only country in the world to ban it. The emerging scientific and legal consensus that UFFI may impose little or no health risk is in direct contrast to the perception of the Canadian public, fostered in large part by government actions, is yet one more bitter irony in the long and miserable story of UFFI.

—GEORGE NORMAN
Dundas, Ont.

Getting back on track

W.A. Wilson hit the nail right on the head ("Who is the new man in charge?" Garry Collette, Oct. 1). Every cabinet minister and, indeed, every Conservative member should "read, learn and inwardly digest" Wilson's analysis of the Canadian situation. He has stated succinctly what millions of Canadians want and wish they were Conservative—to get Canada "back on track" as quickly as possible by conservative, intelligent cutbacks on everything but absolute essentials.

—N. WILSON'S DEBATE
Sudbury, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Editors of the Editor, Media's magazine, Mail Box Number 100, 777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7.



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also a slow starter. The American utilities were initially reluctant to invest in such complex, costly technology, but nuclear manufacturers gradually wore down their resistance. At the same time, the U.S. government heavily subsidized the first commercial reactors, installed in the late 1950s and early 1960s. The second wave of construction consisted mainly of "turn-key" plants—installations that were ready to operate as soon as they were finished—which General Electric and Westinghouse built on the power of federal price supports and a loss of the manufacturing tax credit. French nuclear systems have experienced serious technical or financial difficulties.

The reactor program expanded rapidly after the large increase in the price of oil in 1973 by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. U.S. utilities placed orders for the "third wave" of reactors—240 of them from 1970 to 1974—as power company managements became convinced that nuclear energy offered the only long-term hope for cutting fossil fuel costs. But utilities financed that new wave of reactor building while interest rates and construction costs were on the rise, exposing inexperienced utilities to ruin.

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Q&A: NATHAN PRITIKIN

A high standard of dying

Nathan Pritikin is best known for his controversial diet philosophy that advocates cholesterol—not smoking, stress or inadequate exercise—as the principal cause of heart attack. Pritikin, 45, says that poor eating habits led more than one million North Americans each year. A self-taught nutritionist, Pritikin introduced a diet high in fibre. His 1979 book, *The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise*, sold more than six million copies. In 1978 he founded his Pritikin Longevity Center in San Marcos, Calif., where he has in far depressed diet advice to more than 11,000 people. Pritikin's correspondence Post Newsweek interviewed Pritikin at his Santa Barbara home, 110 km north of Los Angeles.



Pritikin, a killer cholesterol

Maclean's: You spoke with judging peers. *Newsweek* put five weeks before he died of a heart attack at 42 last July 20 and you offered him some health advice.

Pritikin: Jim had just picked up my book and had read the chapter called "Top and Die on the American Diet." He told me "You have got to change that chapter, not it or it. You are asking to frighten every runner in the country." I told him I did it for that purpose, because runners are dropping dead like flies. They are smoking, less men who really think they are doing the right thing. They think that it does not make any difference what they eat and that they can burn up all that cholesterol. In fact, you cannot burn up cholesterol by activity. If you eat more [cholesterol] than you should, you are going to die your arteries and you are going to drop dead 20, 30 or 40 years prematurely. From what I knew of Jim's diet, he ate eggs, dairy foods and peanut butter and he drank beer. In the end, he died of ventricular fibrillation, which is known as runner's death. It is when the heart stops beating because of irregular contractions cause the blood to remain in the ventricle rather than be pumped through the body. I knew that before I

even saw the autopsy results.

Maclean's: Do people who exercise vigorously feel some aura of immortality?

Pritikin: There is no question about it. Runners think they can burn off anything they eat. This has been a horrible bit of misinformation that has taken the lives of many people—not only runners but tennis players, golfers, even people who shovel snow. All those deaths are unnecessary. **Maclean's:** What role does heredity play in running heart attacks?

Pritikin: Some people have said that with Jim's book, ground-sled runner died at 42 from heart disease—meaning added years to his life.

Pritikin: That is ridiculous. The only thing hereditary about Jim was that his parents taught him what to eat. Heredity counts only in about one out of 500 people.

Maclean's: A recent study by the University of California at San Diego Medical Center indicated that exercise provides only relatively small physical benefits to people with heart problems. You say that in some cases strenuous exercise is even harmful.

Pritikin: If you suffer from clogged arteries your heart stops will be satisfactory if you are only walking or doing mild exercise. But if you are suddenly running and your heart is doing 100 beats per minute instead of the normal 70, it automatically goes into an erratic quaver—fibrillation—and that is it. If Jim had not run, he would have lived another 20 or 30 years. He would have suffered from angina, a heart disease marked by spasmodic attacks of intense, suffocating pain, which is the warning sign. But millions of people have angina. Their condition gradually deteriorates to the point where, during their final few years, such people wonder if it is better to be alive or dead.

Maclean's: Can cholesterol be a problem as early as 40 or 50?

Pritikin: A baby is born with cholesterol level of 80. If that child never ate



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cholesterol in his lifetime—and the body makes all the cholesterol it needs—its [adult] cholesterol level would be between 96 and 136. Whole milk should be banned except for cats. The University of California at Los Angeles did a study on 1,000 men—in 11-year-olds. One-fourth of them had a cholesterol of more than 200. That is how bad the health of children is these days.

Maclean's: What about the sedentary person who sits in place all day? You're in "paralyticism of his own lifestyle." What part should exercise play in the life of a presumably fit person?

Prokin: Protein should walk at least an hour a day—that is all you need to be physically fit for the rest of your life. Running is very nice if you want a higher level of endurance. I have been running five or 10 miles a day for almost 50 years, but it is certainly not necessary to my good health.

Maclean's: Some medical people charge that the high-grain diet that you advocate is too strenuous.

Prokin: The North American diet is a sweet, starchy diet. For thousands of years it was the diet only of royalty and of the rich. And it was they who had all the heart attacks. Now, for the first time

in history, an entire nation is able to afford heart disease. Once you get accustomed to my diet, you cannot stand that other stuff. And then we have you hooked for life, much like the famous cigarette smoker who reacts angrily to the pressures of cigarette smoke.

Maclean's: Jim Fitz was once an overnight smoker who became a devoted non-smoker. Later Fitz, you too are self-trained and self-taught, and many people listen to you. How does a person decide when to stop to follow?

Prokin: That is exactly what Jim Fitz asked me. He said, "Why should I believe what you say about my diet when I am talking to cardiologists all over the country and they say diet is not that important?" The National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute study came out in January—a \$150-million, 10-year study which conclusively proved that the only factor that reduced the risk of heart disease was lowering the cholesterol level.

Maclean's: With your high-fiber diet, what is a person's life expectancy?

Prokin: All mammals have the same lifespan—seven times puberty. Since our average puberty is 15 years, we should live to be 105 or 108. But that does not mean living as an iguana—you should be playing tennis doubles when you are 85. You should have a good quality of life until two weeks before you die.

Maclean's: Are Canadians healthier than Americans?

Prokin: Canada is a very sick country. Canadians are about as a per cent with Americans, maybe a little worse. They eat a diet very high in cholesterol and high in fat. No one seems to really care. The best way to lower blood cholesterol is through a diet that is 30 per cent fat, 10 per cent protein, 10 per cent complex carbohydrates and less than 100 mg of cholesterol a day.

Maclean's: Other countries, such as Japan, are adopting the high-fat American diet. The younger generations in those countries are fatter and bigger than their parents.

Prokin: Since the Second World War the Japanese have increased the percentage of fat in their diet to 30 to 35 per cent from 10 per cent, and their death rate from heart disease has doubled and tripled. Every underdeveloped country strives to have the standard of living of North America, and the first thing I hear [when] about a diet, and by that they mean more dairy foods and more animal products. Before the First World War few Russian peasants had heart disease. After the Russian Revolution in 1917, the Bolsheviks said, "We are going to show these Americans that we are going to reach their standard of living." They have reached our standard of living and our standard of dying, too. ☐

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WOLF-UP

Vesco's trail of deceit

By Cy Jaminson

In 1973 Robert Vesco stood indicted in New York of defrauding \$36,800 from his own company, International Controls Corp., a sum that he considered paltry. Said Vesco: "That is like the man in the street embarking a penny." But when he finally fled the United States a year later with his wife, Patricia, and their five children, the Detroit-born Vesco, 49, the grandson of poor Italian immigrants, faced indictments for defrauding 250,000 small investors of \$284 million in the aftermath of Vesco's crime, one of the world's biggest financial scandals, lawyers and liquidators are still trying to determine what Vesco did with the money that he and Montreal-born accountant, Norman LeBlanc, allegedly looted from their \$2.3-billion mutual funds empire, Investors Overseas Services Ltd. (IOS). Said John Orr, chairman of the insolvency division of Touche Ross & Co., a leading Canadian accounting firm that is handling the worldwide liquidation of IOS assets: "Tracing the money is like a



Vesco, dealer of bribery and drug charges

game of chess on a global scale." In the 19 years that Vesco and LeBlanc have been on the run, investigators have followed a tangled trail of face companies set up in 100 countries and overseas bank accounts where they would be difficult to trace. The original founder of IOS, Bernard Cornfeld, the mega-riches entrepreneur from Brooklyn, had launched his mutual funds company in 1956 in Switzerland but in 1969 he registered it in Saint John, N.B., to take advantage of restrictive Canada Corporation Act regulations on nonresident companies. Companies incorporated in Canada before 1965 and which had their business overseas avoided both Canadian taxes and provincial regulations. When Vesco joined control in 1970 with a \$5-million investment, IOS had already begun to founder because of mismanagement. Vesco and LeBlanc then started to systematically strip IOS assets, and by the time New Brunswick Supreme Court Judge David Dickson ordered IOS into liquidation in November, 1978, an IRS treasurer's report showed that the multibillion-dollar empire was bankrupt.

Estimates of how much Vesco and LeBlanc squandered were as high as \$380 million. Since 1964, when Vesco fled, there have been repeated media reports tracking the fugitive and his money to

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paradise, narcotics, the smuggling of high-technology equipment, influence peddling and the bribery of highly placed government officials in the United States and in Caribbean countries. But Vaseo, through his New York lawyer, Cornell van Ahern, has repeatedly dismissed the allegations. Said Ahern last month: "The charges are just fiction. Vaseo denies any involvement in narcotics or drug running."

Still, this enigmatic person and the host for Vaseo and his money costars are the six-foot, two-inch former auto body repairman—once referred to by Grr as a

"charming s a b"—remains elusive. Western diplomats in Cuba have reported sighting him and his luxury yachts in various parts of Fidel Castro's island, including Versades Beach and Ciego Largo. Most recently, there have been reports that Vaseo frequents Barlavento Yacht Club just outside Havana, where he rents a two-room beach villa for \$100 a day. Said Ahern, whose firm handles Vaseo family interests in the United States: "I know no one where he is right now. I cannot confirm whether or not he is in Cuba." And Vaseo himself insists Ahern is telling Moscow's that

reports that Castro has placed him under house arrest are untrue. Said Vaseo: "It is absolutely false, just a rumor." One of the few solid indications that Vaseo is in Cuba appeared in November, 1988, when a U.S. federal prosecutor told a judge that a government witness in a smuggling case had met the fugitive in Havana. Jack Wolfe, an assistant U.S. attorney in Greenville, S.C., gave the information to federal court Judge Philipman Vela in the case against Albert Anthony Velpe of Toronto, charged, along with two Mexican accomplices, of conspiring to smuggle sugar-processing machinery valued at \$729,000 into Cuba. Wolfe said the government witness, Richard Bettino, had known Vaseo since his childhood days in Detroit. Bettino said he had flown to the Mexican peninsula in Mexico and then on to Havana, where Vaseo met him and took him to a villa about a 45-minute drive from the airport.

According to Wolfe, Vaseo asked Bettino to rent a warehouse in Havana to store some sugar-processing machinery before shipment to Cuba; a hotel's chartered Boeing 707, Wolfe says, that when U.S. Customs officials arrested Velpe and the Mexicans, causing the deal to fall through, Vaseo promptly sent \$240,000 from Cuba for bet. Velpe jumped bail and fled to Canada. A second defendant was convicted and later sentenced to five years in prison, while a third allegedly was killed in a domestic dispute. For his part, Ahern rejects any Vaseo involvement and says that Wolfe did not testify under oath and that the judge did not permit Vaseo's name to be used in open court. Still, Wolfe insisted that "it is clear that Vaseo was the arranger, funder and middleman."

Vaseo's links to high-technology smuggling are difficult to substantiate, but his ties to a narcotics empire more obscure. An NBC News special report in September, 1988, alleged that Vaseo had extensive narcotics interests in the Bahamas and that he and his associates paid huge bribes to Bahamian government ministers to ignore drug smuggling from the Bahamas into the United States and Canada. A commission of inquiry that the Bahamian government set up last year to look into those charges of corruption took even testimony earlier this year that Vaseo believed one minister in Prime Minister Lynden Pindling's government was \$800,000, gave another a new car—a \$35,000 one—and put several others on monthly salaries of \$100,000. Last September Vaseo denied the bribery allegations in a letter to the commission. But on Oct. 15 the deputy premier and two cabinet ministers resigned, and Pindling dismissed two others. Pindling himself, who has been in power for 17 years, last

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mouth emphatically denied testimony to the commission by a convicted drug smuggler, Timothy Minchin, who said he saw Vesco deliver \$100,000 to President in the prime minister's yard in 1976.

The three commissioners still have not ruled on the bribery allegations, but the FBI is continuing to investigate the charges that Vesco was involved in Bahamian drug smuggling. In November, 1980, Arthur Nabors, then chief of the FBI office in Miami, said that he had informed Bahamian officials that Vesco was connected with the narcotics trade. The United States then put pressure on

the Bahamas, which had earlier refused to extradite Vesco, to expel him from the country by the end of that year. Vesco, in turn, gave a press conference in Nassau in December, 1980, in which he said he feared being "completely spirited away or even kidnapped to the United States for political motives."

There is evidence that the FBI went to considerable lengths in 1980 to arrest Vesco. An investigative reporter for the Camden Courier-Post in New Jersey—where Vesco lived for several years before leaving the United States—says that the FBI used him as a front to

a 195 to find Vesco. Reporter Robert Collins contended that the FBI attempted to kidnap Vesco and fly him to a U.S. military base in the Bahamas, where agents could arrest him. According to Collins, he and an FBI agent, identified as David Valente, met with the Canadian honorary consul in Nassau, Alan Duffield, in April, 1980, to work his co-operation. Collins added that the FBI planned to use Canadian identification documents to connect drug smuggling on Marsh Island, a small Bahamian island, that they represented Canadian dealers who wanted to do business with Vesco. According to Collins, the kidnapping plan fell through, but not before Duffield had made hotel bookings for the Americans on Marsh Island.

After 1981, Vesco disappeared. According to CIA sources, he went to Nicaragua and left there early in 1982 to go to Cuba for surgery on a blocked urinary passage. But his apparent presence in Havana, Cuba, puzzled the FBI and the CIA. Agency sources say they doubt that Castro would get involved with drug smuggling, but they said that the Cuban leader may find Vesco useful in arranging for transfers of American high-tech equipment, which the island needs and which it cannot acquire through regular channels because Washington prohibits any American company from trading with the Cubans.

But if Vesco is not dealing in narcotics for Castro, at least one U.S. agency, the Customs Service, says that he may be working for one of Cuba's allies, Nicaragua's left-wing Sandinista government. Customs spokesman Dennis Murphy said his agents suspect that Vesco is providing Nicaraguans with a credit line to finance alleged cocaine smuggling.

While U.S. secretaries investigate still, Vesco, John Orr, the Canadian legislator at rest, is continuing to follow a paper trail of shell companies and deposits gathering interest in bank accounts around the world. Orr went to London, England, last month to check on the progress of the law suits against two banks—the French Societe Generale and the Swiss Credit Suisse—to recover about \$25 million of his funds deposited by Vesco. But even Orr, despite 10 years of investigation, acknowledges that he does not know where all of the money is, or just how much Vesco stole. Although the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission charged Vesco with embezzling \$224 million from Orr, Orr says that there may have been a duplication of estimates and that Vesco may have actually defrauded only about \$110 million. But, added Orr, "What the hell did he take? He really really knows." The tangled web of Vesco's business dealings could keep Orr and his fellow investigators busy for years.

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FOLLOW-UP

The Acadian media m  le  

By Cy Jamison

For New Brunswick's Acadians, used to having few news services in their language, it will be an interesting rivalry—two French-language newspapers competing to serve their interests. Last month Premier Richard Hatfield gave final approval to a \$6-million government trust fund to underwrite the cost of a new French-language daily. The Conservative premier signed the agreement setting out management of the fund four months after a group of investors in the province's northeastern Acadian peninsula launched their own French-language paper—an operation called *The Canadian* paper. *L'Acadie Nouvelle*, which began publishing on June 5, took the place of *L'Express*, an independent tabloid that closed down on Sept. 27, 1983, after giving the province's 250,000 Acadians 36 years of service as the only French-language daily east of Quebec. But if *Le Matin du Nouveau-Brunswick*, the government-backed daily, proceeds, *L'Acadie Nouvelle* would face tough competition for the Acadian population's small advertising and circulation base. Says Liberal Leader Raymond Frenette: "The premier has sold to a struggling free-enterprise paper, I will answer you through the barrel of a gun."

The government-backed daily has hired a publisher, 36-year-old Charles D'Amour, a veteran newspaperman, but the paper has no board of directors and no advertising or circulation staff. The agreement that D'Amour signed with the government is designed to release accrued interest from the trust fund—administered by Canada Pension Plan Trust Co.—to allow D'Amour to hire department heads and rent office space. The government handed over the first interest cheque, for \$254,885.21, on Oct. 23, when the agreement was signed. D'Amour predicts that when his paper is launched, the small Acadian peninsula daily, which has been running with only a 13-per-cent advertising component in some issues compared to industry standards of about 50 per cent, will be in trouble. Added D'Amour: "*L'Acadie Nouvelle* will be dead by March, killed by low advertising usage."

Even without competition from D'Amour's paper, *L'Acadie* has already experienced difficulties. Its first edition, former language commissioner for the

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Atlantic province, Robert Pichette, resigned in April while the paper was still in the planning stage. And the paper is losing money, although, according to publisher Maurice Lévesque, the loss is "well within financial projections." But for the new editor, Nelson Landry, a former employee of *L'Espresso* who has seen circulation rise to 7,000 from 5,000 in the past five months, the biggest threat to continued existence will come from Le Monde. Landry says he fears that if its publisher schedules in March, it will take away readers and circulation from *L'Espresso*. He said that the government should recognize it could be "political suicide" with *Le Monde* vowing to publish the newspaper. Herb Berr, the former Liberal MP who represented the Acadia region of Gloucester before losing it in the Sept. 4 federal election, has criticized the government stance as showing "servitude and gull" and David Hickey, the publisher of several non-sensational weeklies in the province, added that the 46-citizen street band "smacks of government control."

Supporters of the government proposal say that New Brunswick's tiny French-language readership could not sustain a paper entirely dependent on news from abroad and advertising. Indeed, *L'Espresso*, with its circulation of 10,000, folded because of money troubles. It had turned a profit of a few thousand dollars in 1983 after losing money for most of the years it had operated, but the reason cited was that broad news, and advertising dominated by 15 per cent in 1982. A proposed employee work-sharing plan fell through when the Acadia Printers Union rejected it. After the union turned down the proposal, management laid off six employees. In retaliation, the printing staff ordered a slowdown. Finally, management said the paper down.

The problems faced by the historic *L'Espresso* could be repeated, wrote *L'Espresso's* Landry. Along with opposition leader Freebairn, Landry wants an independent mediator to forge a merger between *L'Espresso* and the government-subsidized *Le Monde*. But Landry acknowledges that "it would be wishful thinking to expect to see the government withdraw." If *Amor*, in turn, becomes a small group of Liberals has someone for starting up *L'Espresso* in a bid to prove to the government that it should not interfere with information, said *L'Espresso*. They [the businessmen] are pouring money into a black hole. They will fill it that eventually." For Acadia, the biggest fear now is that the rivalry between the two papers will result in neither being able to capture a large enough segment of the market to survive, leaving the readers with no newspaper in their own language. *With Chris Hume in Fredericton.*

COLUMN

Coming clean on sex and violence

By Charles Gordon

The old joke has the visiting American remarking upon the silliness of the Moscow Express, a warpage on its Soviet host's interests. "Yes, but what about the Negroes in the South?" Much of the current debate about sex, violence and censorship is carried along the same lines.

Someone who insists that a lot of nudity in a movie might have its place is accused of being a slavering pervert. Someone who suggests that something should be done about movies that gratuitously depict rape and torture is accused of wanting to take Margaret Lawrence off the shelves of the school library.

If microperfectionism of an opponent's position is common, so is the tendency to twist the argument into the abstract, making a case for a restriction on pornography without knowing what a crackdown involves, when argue that all censorship is wrong without having a good idea of what is being censored.

Most people agree that the marketing of sex and violence is a problem. Where they differ is on what can be done about it, or whether anything can be done at all. Standing in the way of resolving that difference is neither problem: people are not being honest with each other, sometimes they are not being honest with themselves.

Start with the consumers, the viewers of the movies that form the largest part of the debate. Two people watch naked bodies grapple on the screen and listen to the groans of pleasure, pain, fatigue or whatever they are. One person finds the spectacle exciting, arousing and enjoyable. He doesn't say that. He says pornography bores him, of course, but he responds to the artistry of the director. The second viewer is shocked and disgusted. He doesn't say that. He says the movie goes against community standards and might cause some members of society to act unbecomingly.

There now to the artist, the man or woman who puts the scene on film. The director who fills every frame with sex or violence, or with sex and violence, does not say that the studio made him do it. He does not say that the movie will make him richer or more famous, or more slim or blond, or skin and blood, it contains. He says the scene is essential to the integrity of the story of the film. If *Barbaric* takes place in a cinema, rather than off, by means of characters or power drills rather than more traditional methods of violence, he says it

has nothing to do with the box office. It has to do with honesty. It would not be honest for the character he has created to use pillows or gloves or old lace or some other method that does not create a lot of spittle.

When pushed to the wall, the artist may try an evasive tactic. He promises a graphic movie in a statement against pornography, he violent movie in a statement against violence. Sometimes the argument is sincere, sometimes it isn't. If we could tell, art and pornography could be differentiated. Either way there are those who accept any level of snuff and gore as long as they know the director's name. (That leads to the film festival ethic, which holds that the festival-goer, because he can recognize art when he sees it, should be allowed to view films that are off limits to the drooling dubs of the general public.)

Not only the producer and the consumer are guilty of hypocrisy and self-

'Filmmakers have become bored with conventional depictions of sex and turned to more violent forms of pornography'

deception. Think of the distributors and theatre owners who justify their stock-in-trade by saying that if they don't show it someone else will. Think of the advertisers who adopt the usual language of self-censorship. Think of the right-wing groups and politicians who cry out for censorship when murderers are found to have watched violent or pornographic films, but who don't cry out for gun control.

If a problem exists, we cannot rely on the common sense of the people or the common decency of the market to solve it. Not everyone is willing to admit that. But yet. When the mass marketing of skin hit North America in the late 1960s, hopes were high. For *Spectator*, its agitators said, would be, at worst, good, clean fun, and, at best, educational. Also, sex crime was disappearing.

What has happened since has not borne that out. Pornography has flourished, enlightenment has not. If the common sense of the community with conventional depictions of sex, they have turned not to sexual work or their stamp collections but to more exotic, which is to say violent, forms of pornography.

The movie-making community has only rarely used its new freedom to advance the cause of art. Sex and violence is too often an end in itself rather than a means to an end.

The discovery that this has happened is a blow to defenders of the liberalized society of free, unrestrained speech. Freedom to create, freedom to market, freedom to consume—what? If the art those have produced has been buried beneath a sea of snuff, not all of it kept from public view by the censor's employ.

If that is depressing to consider, even more depressing is how little help has been contributed by governments and their agencies when they decide to intervene. For example, we know that politicians claim they are powerless to stop censorship, which they solemnly promise as a threat, now that it has proved to middle-class neighborhoods. We also know that the same politicians are reluctant to take the most logical step—charge the consumers and persuade the newspapers to publish their notes.

Physical help is also present in the much maligned and frequently ridiculed censor boards. Whether their function is to cut, to ban or merely to classify, the censor boards are in a position to cast some needed light on the debate. But, aside from getting together prominent media of outcasts for concerned groups, they have failed to give the public a clear view of their goals and practices, failed to recommend just and effective action. The public doesn't understand why the movie theaters are full of splatter flicks, why films of alleged artistic value are unobtainable, or why solemnly perceived shifts in "community standards" make the close of last year's forbidden trash this year's uncut box office hit. The censor boards, it stands to reason, may not always be honest with themselves either.

If it is ridiculous to blame movies for every crime that happens in the real world, it is naive to pretend that they have no effect at all, that no one gets hurt. It is in addition to believe that a total lack of censorship leads to enlightenment, it is just as ridiculous to believe that the state, acting either through censor boards or police forces, can solve our problems for us. It is difficult to know, in fact, what will work, except honestly and discreetly and closed minds won't.

Charles Gordon is a columnist for the Ottawa Citizen.

Mulroney's team takes over

By Carol Gaer

While some politicians, Prime Minister Mulroney finally agreed to move into the Prime Minister's Office for 16 months the wealthy London, Ont., businessman worked out of a crowded two-room office in downtown Ottawa, sifting through the contents of 3,000 candidates for top jobs in the Conservative government. He and Brian Mulroney have been friends since law school in the early 1960s, but White preferred to work well away from the leader's office, maintaining a low profile in the capital. Then last week, Mulroney prevailed upon his old friend to shut down the unimpressive executive office, unplug his computer and move into the political mainstream. White joined the Prime Minister's Office as chief cabinet adviser on all personnel appointments. To Terry, Mulroney's significance of that apparently routine reassignment was clear. It was a signal that the Mulroney administration was finally emerging from its cocoon; its transition period was over and it was ready to govern.

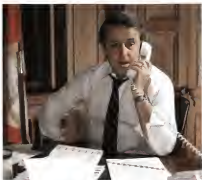
The setting for the new government's official coming-of-age was the opening of his 53rd birthday party with the traditional assembly of senators and MPs gathered in the faded splendor of the Senate chamber for the speech from the throne. For the occasion, the government prepared a 55-minute address for the Queen. Given Senate Rules, it was a compromise between the substance Terry's election pledges and an inherited deficit forecast at \$35 billion in the Labovitz bill. But Mulroney's proposed spending cuts and priority changes turned only one side of the Tory takeover—the policy side. Of equal importance was the personnel component.

In the two months since Mulroney's return to his country's 18th Prime Minister, a new set of power brokers has emerged in Ottawa. When the Prime Minister and his 30-member cabinet took their place in the Commons—three-quarters of the seats—Crestwell as were offered their first illustration of the immensity of the Tory election victory. But a shift of senior proportions has also taken place behind the scenes

Not only do new players control the Prime Minister's Office and the cabinet table, Terry insiders have also gained the upper hand in the capital's lucrative lobbying business.

The key players in Mulroney's Ottawa file are three distinct groups. First, there are the powerful cabinet ministers, a well-known and highly visible

group in Ottawa, Mulroney seems to trust them completely. Then there is a third group whose closet channel he ignored—Mulroney's vast network of colleagues and friends, who are always just a phone call away. A self-confessed telephone addict, the Prime Minister keeps in touch with an ever-expanding network that encompasses



Mulroney, powerful ministers, old friends and an ever-expanding telephone network

all university friends and small-town mayors whom he met just a few months ago on the campaign trail. One young Ottawa lobbyist, Mark Mulroney, explained how simply he became part of the Prime Minister's unofficial contact group. "I went down a Christmas card in 1980."

As Parliament prepared for its first session since the Sept. 4 election, it was still too early to discern which of the new power brokers controlled the levers in Ottawa. But one fact was clear: a 64-year-old Montreal lawyer, with a fondness for amateur hockey had emerged as the second most influential man in the capital. As Mulroney's principal secretary, Roy will function as the

Prime Minister's top political adviser, his most trusted associate and his main in charge of all his aides and advisers. Terry insiders describe Roy—a member of the Liberal law school "mafia" which forms the nucleus of Mulroney's personal network—as a fierce lawyer, who is still prepared to tell the Prime Minister when he feels he is wrong. The two men shared a dingy Montreal apartment during their bachelor days in the late 1960s as struggling young lawyers, and Roy was best man at Mulroney's wedding in 1973. Last summer he served as chief Tory election organizer in Quebec. Although Roy has since moved on to Ottawa—he is now living in a 17th floor suite in the Westin Hotel—and has a limited understanding of the federal Conservative party, another Mulroney ally, Michel Goggin, said he will "consult everybody in sight and absorb every last detail."

Clearly, Mulroney has confidence in his lieutenant. Before he left for a two-week Florida vacation last month, the Prime Minister told Roy "Staff your office the way you want it. You have a free hand." And although in most cases Roy simply reaffirmed the status of loyal Mulroney aides, there were a few quiet exceptions and new appointments. Ian Richardson, who had served as a deputy chief of staff when Mulroney was opposition leader, was reassigned last week to the lower role of special assistant. A former aide to Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed, Richardson will be responsible for keeping Mulroney abreast of western concerns. Geoff Nongay, a bright newcomer who had served as the party's research director, became Mulroney's legislative assistant. And Patrick MacAdam, one of Mulroney's college friends, stepped in the role of ethics lawyer—"My first conference is a lot of fun" in his own words—in spite of his stated desire for a new job.

The close relationship between Roy and Mulroney is quite different from that of Pierre Trudeau and his succession of top aides. The former prime minister consistently drew a distinct line between his friends and his co-workers. Trudeau said that he respected former Privy Council clerk Michael Pithers for logical clarity, but he rarely invited him home for dinner. He also seemed to appreciate the political skills of his former principal secretary, Susan Gaudin, but he never considered him an intimate. Mulroney does not appear to draw a similar dividing line. The new Prime Minister's most trusted associate shares his private time as well as his public life. Bernard Roy has paid several visits to the Mulroney home.

Indeed, Mulroney's reliance on his friends has led to several awkward situations. When he first became leader of the opposition, Mulroney appointed a



Roy, from best man to top adviser



White, close in private and public life

university associate, J. Alfred Doucet as his chief of staff. But it rapidly became clear that the 45-year-old Nova Scotia entrepreneur was out of his depth. Other staff members complained publicly about the way he was running the office. As well, Doucet was caught in a whirlpool of rumors about the faltering financial health of East Coast Energy Ltd., of which he had been chief executive officer before leaving for Ottawa. Then last week, Mulroney became Prime Minister, he quietly announced that Doucet would have a new position, that of senior adviser. But the ingenuite title was little more than a pretense. Had one insider: "He's a glass-half-empty guy."

Another indication of the risks involved in Mulroney's approach was the reassignment of Michel Goggin, Mulroney's best friend. The Montreal lawyer, who was Mulroney's campaign manager in his unsuccessful 1978 bid for the Tory leadership, lost strategic in his 1980 campaign and chief counsel when Mulroney was opposition leader, has no position in the Prime Minister's Office. Terry insiders offer two explanations for the sudden coolness between the two men. One is that Mulroney's advisers began questioning Goggin's leadership because a Toronto investment firm, and his \$500,000 last April over a allegedly expired debt. The second reason is a mysterious set of break-ins at the Montreal offices of three senior Conservatives—including one other partially covered by Goggin—in which financial records and strategy papers from Mulroney's two leadership campaigns were taken. Goggin contends that the break-ins are part of a deliberate undertaking to damage his reputation.

And a party headquarters in Ottawa, a third Mulroney lobbyist was mysteriously fading from the scene. Well-placed Tory sources said that Jack Johnson, who ran Mulroney's leadership campaign in Manitoba and went on to become national director of the party, was resigning after a difficult term in Ottawa. Workers at party headquarters found his office and unimpeachable during the election campaign, the disappeared unaccountably for days at a time and was frequently ill. In Winnipeg, Johnson denied all the kind of the week that he had submitted his resignation, and said he would be in Ottawa for the opening of Parliament. But most insiders were guessing that Jerry Langert, an Ontario businessman, Tory who helped mastermind Premier Bill Bennett's recent victory in British Columbia, then stepped in as Mulroney's co-director of operations during the federal election, would become the new national director.

Still, Mulroney continues to entrust pivotal jobs to friends and loyalists. His younger brother Gary is his riding rep-

The view from across the aisle



Copied: Newman (above): Tony Newman and a struggle to be the 'real opposition'

By Ross Laver

As a young alderman in the Metro-politan Toronto borough of York, John Newman gained a reputation during the late 1970s as a tough wrapper with a taste for the political Juggler. Now, as the newly elected Liberal MP for York South-Weston, Newman, 30, plans to bring the same howling style to the House of Commons—even if it makes some of his more experienced colleagues on the opposition benches uncomfortable. Said Newman, looking forward to this week's opening of Parliament: "Some of the senior members of our party are frankly out of the fighting type. But I fully intend to come out punching." But with the Progressive Conservatives commanding one of the largest parliamentary majorities in Canadian history, the 40-member Liberal caucus is sharply divided over how to conduct itself as the official Opposition in a 388-seat House.

Many influential Liberals are promoting a cautious, straitlaced approach in Parliament, at least for now. Said Donald Johnston, 48, the four-year veteran of Liberal cabinets who is now the party's finance critic: "Quite frankly, I want to be as supportive as I can of the Tories. They have a massive mandate from the people and I think it is our responsibility to be constructive and responsible." For his part, a senior adviser

to Opposition Leader John Turner said that at this stage an all-out attack on the new government would probably backfire. Said the official: "We can't rush into anything because the Tories are still enjoying a honeymoon."

Newman and some other Liberals are impatient with that strategy. Reuben Hamilton, 30, North York, for one, sensed that the party will have to strike quickly if it hopes to prevent the 38-member Tory caucus from asserting its claim to be the "real opposition."

Said Copps, 31, a former Ontario MPP and a potential star among the Liberal's new members: "We cannot establish ourselves as the Opposition by lying low and setting like statues. We have to go on a search-and-destroy mission." Newman said that he and Copps, along with eastern Ontario newcomer Don Boudrias, 30, and returning Newfoundland MPP Brian Tobin, 38, "will assume the role of a hit squad."

Said Newman: "The Tories will see us as a threat to the country in a sense. But I wasn't here before the Sept. 4 election and I

do not agree with everything the previous government did."

In sharp contrast with the Liberal uncertainty, the mood of New Democrats in Ottawa has seldom been better. Loren Nyström, who has represented Saskatchewan's Yorkton-Melville riding for 16 years, said the NDP's success in winning the Tory election sweep has revived its hopes that, with the Tories on the right, the NDP may emerge on the left to supplant the once-powerful Liberals. Said Nyström: "Everyone I talk to says that the government has too many weaknesses and that it is up to us to move on aggressively." As well, he said the party is confident that it can exploit the current Liberal disarray and convince Canadians that it is the true guardian of such touchstones as economic nationalism.

But at the same time, the prospect of squeezing out the Liberals has put added pressure on the NDP to forge a strong attack. For something, parliamentary custom—based on the number of MPs in each caucus—means that the NDP will be entitled to ask three out of every seven opposition questions instead of the one in four it asked in the last Parliament. Said Nyström: "Obviously we are going to have to do a lot more than in the past if our words are going to be taken seriously." As well, Nyström said that the party will probably have to abandon its "waster-gun" approach to Question Period in favor of a more focused offensive.

Since the election both the Liberals and the NDP have been angling with Government House Leader Bob Doherty to get more funding for staff and

research than the current formula, which is based on representation in the Commons, would allow. Said NDP Leader Ed Broadbent: "[Doherty] has an obligation to ensure that the opposition parties are very well funded to do our job."

But on other issues it is unlikely that the two opposition parties will combine forces against the vastly larger Tory caucus. As Johnston put it, in the next election the Conservatives have "nowhere to go but down"—and the real fight will be between the Liberals and NDP to see who gains more from the eventual Tory losses. ◇



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V O L K S W A G E N



Colver (left) and lawyer Bairley. Thatcher: power, money, sex, politics, greed—and even a surprise witness at the end

Saskatchewan's courtroom sensation

By Dale Eisler

After three sensational weeks of testimony, the trial left just three options for the Saskatchewan jury. It could find Colin Thatcher—middle-aged lawyer, ex., former provincial cabinet minister and accused killer of his ex-wife, JoAnn Wilson—guilty or not guilty of first-degree murder. Or, declared Mr. Justice J.H. Huber in his directions to members of the seven-man, five-woman jury, if they believed that Thatcher was responsible for Wilson's death, but not through a planned and deliberate act, they could find him guilty of second-degree murder. Clearly, it was not an easy decision. The jurors retired to the courtroom shortly after starting their deliberations last Friday to ask the Saskatchewan Court of Appeal's Bench judge several agonizing questions about testimony. Then, on Saturday, they listened again to a key tape recording of evidence. But the work ended without a verdict in one of the most dramatic courtroom dramas in Canadian legal history.

From the start, the trial had all the elements guaranteed to attract attention—power, money, sex, politics and greed. As well, it featured a surprise witness, Dick Colver, a former Sas-

katchewan Conservative leader and friend of Thatcher who testified for the prosecution last week. For his part, Thatcher, 46, the mercenary son of the late Saskatchewan premier Ross Thatcher, fought back determinedly during about three days of testimony last week. And prosecutor Serge Kajava relentlessly pursued his case. Then, after the jury left the courtroom, Thatcher's lawyer, Gerald Allbright, criticized Huber for what he described

almost 15 months after the discovery of Wilson's body on Jan. 23, 1983, in the garage of her family home in Regina. Someone had bludgeoned her viciously with a curved-bladed instrument, then shot her in the head, apparently with a .357 Magnum revolver. The murder followed by several years a bitter and very public divorce and child custody battle between Thatcher and his former wife. The couple separated in 1979, and a November, 1980, divorce ended their 17-year marriage. In May, 1981, at the height of the custody battle over the couple's three children and after Wilson had married Regina steel company executive Andrew Anderson.

Anderson had testified that he helped Thatcher to acquire guns, ammunition and cars for Wilson's murder and for the earlier attempt on her life. Anderson, who had served time in jail for an assault, further noted that Thatcher, as early as the fall of 1980, had approached him with an offer of \$50,000 to kill his wife. But the former politician denied those allegations as false, and he added that Anderson was a "volatile emotional individual, someone you don't get into trouble with." He offered a step-by-step explanation of the so-called 25-minute conversation between himself and Anderson—the tale that the jury relished during its deliberations. Thatcher declared that when Anderson said, "I'm glad you and I've" and he replied, "Okay," Thatcher thought that "he was referring to my daughter,

Wilson: brutal murder



simplest" is the talking who had been granted immunity in return for his co-operative and testimony. During the trial Lynn Mendall, an ex-girlfriend of Thatcher from Palm Springs, Calif., testified that he had confessed to killing his wife. Still, six other witnesses, including Thatcher's two sons, Greg, 13, and Roger, 11, stated that Thatcher was at his home in Moose Jaw, 70 km. away from the murder scene, at the time of Wilson's death.

In his own testimony last week, Thatcher optimistically attempted to relate the most damning allegations by previous witnesses. But Kajava was equally forceful in attempting to undermine his evidence. Before a packed courtroom audience, which included his mother and children, Thatcher openly showed his life with Wilson. It started with a blind date in 1960, when he and Wilson—then named JoAnn Geiger—were attending Iowa State University, and it ended on the day of their 17th wedding anniversary, when Wilson left with Ben Geisbun, a man Thatcher said was his "best friend." Thus he expressed a deep sense of betrayal and surprise at the breakup of what he said had been an "excellent marriage" for 24 years. "I guess I was typical of husbands who don't recognize problems in their marriage," he said.

In with narration Thatcher rejected virtually all of the allegations raised during the trial. For one thing, he said that he had a different recollection of a conversation between himself and Mendall, in which she stated that after Wilson's death he remarked, "It's a strange thing to blow your wife out." According to Thatcher, it was Mendall who asked if he had killed his wife, to which he said he responded, "I cannot imagine what a strange feeling that would be. Of course not." For another thing, Thatcher rejected evidence given by his firm neighbor, the laundress, harpist and

Anderson had testified that he helped Thatcher to acquire guns, ammunition and cars for Wilson's murder and for the earlier attempt on her life. Anderson, who had served time in jail for an assault, further noted that Thatcher, as early as the fall of 1980, had approached him with an offer of \$50,000 to kill his wife. But the former politician denied those allegations as false, and he added that Anderson was a "volatile emotional individual, someone you don't get into trouble with." He offered a step-by-step explanation of the so-called 25-minute conversation between himself and Anderson—the tale that the jury relished during its deliberations. Thatcher declared that when Anderson said, "I'm glad you and I've" and he replied, "Okay," Thatcher thought that "he was referring to my daughter,



Colin Thatcher and JoAnn Wilson, Thatcher's wife, in their last moments

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PEOPLE

The city network fired repeated reporter **Shawn Nelson** last December for making a guest appearance on a news program in Abu Dhabi for state TV during an assignment in the Persian Gulf. The assignment that Nelson paid referred to Israel as "the Zionist entity" and to its prime minister, **Yitzhak Shamir**, as a "terrorist." Nelson turned to freelancing in Ottawa until April when he joined the staff of then-Ross House Development Minister **Donald Johnston**, who was running for the Liberal party leadership. Now, 36-year-old Nelson is back in broadcasting as a **Montreal** correspondent for American cable channel **Kable One** (the **Turner** network's all-cable, satellite broadcast, Cable News Network service, available in five Canadian provinces). Just returned last week from reporting on the Pope's visit to Santa Domingo and covering the first anniversary of the U.S. invasion of Grenada, Nelson refused to discuss his city superiors. But he added that his new job is "a lot of work, but it is good. I am enjoying it."



John "The hardest part is the stage."

Montreal singer **France Joli**, 21, who is illegally out ahead at 11, went home from Tokyo last week in a mood to "just celebrate" the two gold medals and \$30,000 (U.S.) she won at the 1984 World Popular Song Festival in competition with performers from 35 countries. Joli took the International Grand Prix for Canada and tied with **Nani Nakano** of Hungary for the Most Outstanding Performer Award. Her song, **Party Lights**, was the Canadian entry although it was written by U.S. composer **George Duke**. Said Joli: "Festival af-

airs wanted me to enter for the United States, but I fought for it for Canada." (Honesty in the U.S. entry was Canadian singer/composer **Marc Jordan**, who was one of the Outstanding Song awards for America, a song that he wrote with fellow Canadian **John Copek**.) While in Tokyo, Joli and her manager/mother, **Michelle**, dined with representatives of the Canadian Embassy and went to lunch with members of the Quebec delegation. The elder Joli reported that their Canadian hosts had all missed Joli's triumphant performance in Tokyo's 12,000-seat Nippon Budokan Hall. "It was disappointing at first," she said, "but it is forgiven now." The singer, too, brushed it off and declared, "The hardest part of winning is having to face the losers."

South African musician **Johany Clegg** and **Sighe Mchana** have been shot at, arrested, harassed and harassed for 15 years because Clegg, 31, is white and Mchana, 33, a black. Rock music originally brought them together, and in 1979 they formed **Johana**, a six-member racially mixed (three black and three white) band now enjoying international popularity. Currently on a North American tour—including concerts in Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto—Clegg, a former social anthropologist and Mchana, a former gardener, say **Johana** offers a carefully veiled message of peace and racial harmony and a musical blend of Western melodies and Zulu rhythms. They have found their footing on the lightning of apartheid. Said Clegg: "We know the rules of the beat, how to strike it, how to make it fit down."

The 38th Miss Canada, 21-year-old **Karen Thuy**, reified in what she called "the endless opportunities and experiences" that went with her crown last week by going on a shopping



Thuy: a shopping spree for a costly coat and hat.

spree. The day after the glittering, nationally televised pageant, the five-foot, 30-inch, blond-eyed, blond Canadian selected a \$6,000 natural Canadian coats coat with matching hat and two pairs of boots, the first of the promotional items that made up her \$76,357.98 prize. The new Miss Canada, whose main hobby is cooking, studied general arts for a year at Mount Royal College in Calgary before leaving last year to pursue a career in modelling. "I can go in school anytime," said Thuy. While her hometown pageant sponsors prepared to welcome her back, Thuy settled into the Toronto apartment that will be her home base for the year of personal appearances. Declaring the Miss Canada contest to be "something I just had to do now," Thuy added, "I didn't want to go to be an and say, 'I wish I had done something like this when I was younger'."



—EDITED BY BETTE LEBOWITZ

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Bert Walker
Vice-President, Gulf Canada Limited

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Bert Walker

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compete with our neighbours, and that means we must match their commitment to productive change."

"To the outside observer, it seems indeed odd that a country so rich in potential should get so preoccupied with inter-regional jealousies."

Thomas Hanscherbush
Director-Member of the Executive Board
European Management Forum Foundation

"I suspect that in our report next year Canada will stage a significant comeback."



This issue of *Commentator* features thought-provoking articles by people eminent in their fields. Each writer's opinions are published exactly as written: whether *Gulf* agrees with them or not. For this second issue, we asked for views on economic growth. Our contributors have been candid, blunt, outspoken. If you would like to read their full articles, use the coupon below to obtain your copy of *Commentator*.

"Many key economic indicators are also looking up, as most recently related and forecast by the OECD Secretariat. In 1983, production rose faster than in the U.S. Until mid-1983 at least, Canada's growth is expected to continue to exceed the OECD average. Inflation fell to a 10-year low. Unemployment, at over 11 per cent and particularly acute among the young, remains a sore point."

"Corporate profits, although much improved, are not yet being used to invest but rather to boost up badly battered balance sheets and to repay high debt."

"Forecasts in the United States... suggest that high-tech jobs will contribute only a relatively small number of jobs..."

Barley Carr
Secretary/Treasurer
Canadian Labour Congress

"Accord study (unpublished) for the Ministry of State for Economic and Regional Development suggested that between one-quarter and one-half of all manufacturing jobs and one-quarter of all business

and financial-service jobs could be eliminated by technological change by the early 1990's."

"Clearly, the new jobs will not come from the high-tech sectors themselves."

"Technological change can play an important role in improving Canadian productivity growth performance."

Dr. David Slater
Chairman
Economic Council of Canada

"It has become obvious that ways must be found to improve the process of technological change and in all sectors of the economy, not just manufacturing. Essentially, this will require more flexibility and adaptability by the public and private sectors in the face of rapid change together with a strengthening of the entrepreneurial and equity base of the private sector, particularly for small and medium-sized enterprises."

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The quotes on this page give just a hint of the vigorous, often conflicting, opinions expressed in the latest issue of *Commentator*. For the whole discussion, use the coupon below.

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GULF CANADA LIMITED

India after Indira Gandhi

By Bess Laver

A hand-drawn artillery carriage bore the body of the remarkable 20th-century woman known as "Mother India" through the streets of New Delhi. For three hours it rolled past weeping crowds which lined the avenues to catch a last glimpse of the slain leader. As bystanders cried the

wood lines on the fire and poured tin cups of scalded butter, known as *ghee*, onto the burning body. Women smoke rose as India's son, prime minister Indira Gandhi, was carried, then stoned, weeping, into the gym. Said Indian President Zail Singh, himself a Sikh: "We have all lost one of the greatest leaders our country has ever produced."

But even the tide of sorrow that swept the subconscious in the wake of Gandi-

ment brought last June an extraordinary outpouring of Sikhs' devotion to the Golden Temple, in the Punjab city of Amritsar.

Historic: Senior officials of Gandhi's ruling Congress (I) Party were at first reluctant to name her soft-spoken and politically inexperienced son as her successor. Still, within hours of the assassination they agreed to shelve partisan concerns, perhaps calculating that In-

dian assassins' bullets cut her down. At a campaign rally the previous night in Orissa state, the prime minister had confided to supporters: "I don't need if my life goes in the service of the nation. If I die today, every drop of my blood will irrigate the nation."

The next morning Gandhi awoke to the sound of chirping parakeets in the lush compound surrounding her offi-

ce. We told the press secretary, and he went to fetch her. "Then, dressed in an orange-colored cotton sari, a smiling Gandhi left her house and began strolling toward the helicopter crew."

All that moment, three pistol shots rang out, followed by a long burst from a machine-gun. Gandhi's press secretary, H.Y. Sharada Prasad, rushed toward the shooting and reached the

helicopter as Indian security forces pumped a fusillade of bullets at two of Gandhi's Sikh bodyguards. One of the men, identified later as Beant Singh, 40, a member of the prime minister's security force, slung himself into the ground.

Beant Singh's alleged accomplice, Satwant Singh, 28, of the New Delhi armed police constabulary, was chased and captured by other guards. Suspense later removed a diamond earring from the constable and pronounced him out of danger. Ironically, the dead assassin had only returned to the bodyguard detail—at Gandhi's personal request—two days earlier, after tense advances had transferred him out of New Delhi on a security risk.

Detail: By the time Gandhi's blood-soaked body was wheeled into an operating room at the All-India Institute of Medical Sciences 20 minutes later, it was clear that she would not survive. Still, despite the absence of vital signs, a team of doctors worked for 4½ hours in an attempt to save her, removing at least seven bullets from her chest and abdomen and giving her continuous blood transfusions. Outside the hospital, a grief-stricken crowd of about 10,000 gathered behind a foot-high steel fence in a seamy, tear-soaked night. A doctor finally announced her death shortly before 6:20 p.m.

Throughout the day Indian officials struggled vainly to avert the inevitable—a violent anti-Sikh backlash. Instead, Prasad himself tried to refuse to confirm to reporters that Gandhi's killers were followers of the Sikh faith. Raging Gandhi went on nationwide radio that night, shortly after being sworn in as prime minister in the Ashoka Hall of Rashtrapati Bhawan, the red-and-yellow sandstone presidential palace that was once the home of the British viceroy of India. Speaking in a calm monotone, Gandhi said: "The foremost need now is to maintain our balance. We must and must face this tragic ordeal with fortitude, courage and wisdom."

But as reports of the assassination spread, it was obvious that India had crossed a dangerous new threshold in a long, tortuous history of strained relations between sectarian groups. In the capital, mobs of Hindu youths roamed the streets, attacking cars and burning Sikh-owned shops and businesses. The rioters ignored a hastily imposed ban on the public assembly of more than five people. In all, at least 120 arson attacks were reported in New Delhi. Outbursts of communal violence also occurred in at least seven other Indian states.

In Calcutta police used nightsticks to disperse rioters who attacked and looted streets in an attempt to halt traffic. In Agartala, capital of the east-



Gandhi (going in earlier, her son, Rajiv Gandhi) weeps over this tragic ordeal with fortitude, courage and wisdom.

church of Hindu priests, the flag-draped body of Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi—assassinated last week at the hands of two of her own Sikh bodyguards—was borne on the shoulders of close relatives in the top of a two-tiered funeral pyre on the banks of the holy Jamuna River.

To the sound of two dozen bagpipers playing *The Last Post*, Gandhi's 40-year-old son and political heir, Rajiv, walked seven times around the bier. Then he touched a flaming torch to the logs surrounding it. In the Hindu tradition, family members placed sand-

le's cremation could not extinguish the flames of sectarian hatred that followed her death. Across the country there was an orgy of arson, looting and lynchings. By week's end, the death toll had reached 1,800. As far as Hinduism took revenge on members of India's minority Sikh sect, whom they blamed for the murder of India's third prime minister, Gandhi, who dominated Indian politics for 16 of the past 38 years, fell victim to the very men who had been estranged with her personal safety. Militant Sikhs claimed that the killing was in retaliation for an assault by govern-

ment would rally around a new leader who bore the historic Gandhi name (page 26). But as foreign dignitaries, including Canadian External Affairs Minister Joe Clark, U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and Soviet Prime Minister Nikolai Tikhonov, gathered for the funeral, the overwhelming sense was whether the arrested Rajiv Gandhi would have enough of his mother's meek to keep his country together.

Gandhi herself had seemed to prophesy her death only hours before the

last residence in one of New Delhi's most elegant areas. In the lush garden a short distance from the house, retired Uditov, a cameraman and a producer arrived at 8:30 and began setting up their equipment to interview the prime minister for an Irish television program sponsored by UNICEF. Said Uditov: "The tea had already been set up, the table was in place, and we were all

seen in time to see her limp, bleeding body being dragged back into the house. Said Uditov, unable to see the carriage from his position in the compound: "It all felt unreal. I mean, there was hardly any commotion. It sounded normal, at least on this side of the garden. But we had a feeling that on the other side of the garden something hideous was going on." Then, he heard another burst of



are areas of Tripura, local administrators began evacuating Sikhs to nearby safety camps to protect them from mob violence. Assurances also declined, a state of alert in the northeastern state of Punjab, home of most of the country's 14 million Sikhs and the site of several violent clashes recently as part of a continuing struggle for an independent Sikh state.

Mayhem. At dawn last Thursday columns of acrid smoke rose from the blackened shells of buildings and vehicles across New Delhi. Suddenly, the capital had become a city without order—and without most of its essential services. Banks closed, store owners

fled from Teem Marti (the painful former home of Gandhi's father, Jivabhai Nihru) and they thought it was a good opportunity. They had nothing better to do. It is very sad. Even in the quieter middle-class districts the rowing gangs caused widespread destruction. In one instance, marauders smashed their way into a house owned by a Sikh family, forcing the occupants to seek shelter with neighbors. When the family returned, its possessions were strewn in the lane behind the house along with broken glass from windows and a back door.

At the Bhabh Cap Temple, opposite India's parliament buildings, a mob of 1,000 Hindus roared two Sikhs alive, one of them a 14-year-old boy. Else-

where that mob swirling religious hatred. And in some areas, Sikhs armed with swords, spears and axes formed makeshift patrols. Bhai Mahinder Singh, owner of an electrical goods store in Bunkay, a city of eight million people, responded for its tolerance among religious groups. "Our fear is that we will be made scapegoats."

Still, other observers said that the rioting and violence, although widespread, had little popular support. Instead, they contended, the outbreaks were probably the work of small bands of thugs, called *goondas* in Hindi, who turn up wherever there is turmoil in India. Sati Kishan Singh, a Sikh historian, "Looking is good. A Hindu businessman points out the target, and

with 18 opposition leaders in tracing an appeal to their countrymen "to avert themselves to the utmost to ensure safety and harmony." Describing the Sikh community as an "impassable part" of India, the statement added "To subject Sikhs as a whole to violence and indignity for what a few misguided persons have done, however heinous their crime, is most irrational and undermining of our heritage of tolerance. This madness must stop." Later, on television, Gandhi called the violence a slur on his mother-

framed news reports about Indira Gandhi's assassination heightened the general alarm. In a front-page article, *The Statesman* of New Delhi reported that Bhai Singh had confessed to his doctors that he had taken a vow in a New Delhi Sikh shrine to carry out the assassination. Other Sikhs, he said, had pledged to murder Rajiv Gandhi and the Indian state president, Zail Singh. A Sikh magazine head the newspaper "The most disconcerting aspect of Bhai Singh's story is that the entire

head of the second-time Sikh republic predicted that Rajiv Gandhi would also die. "I am not cursing people," said Jagjit Singh Chohan, "I am simply telling you a historical fact."

Memories. Earlier, thousands of Indians had flocked to Teem Marti, where Gandhi's bullet-ridden body lay in state. The casket, strewn with white flowers, sat on a wooden platform draped in white cloth and angled so that mourners could see her face as they filed quietly past. Beside the platform



New Delhi rioters: an orgy of arson, looting and lynchings in a capital that had suddenly become a city without order

followed their slanders and flood, who tried, was an exception. In the southern, working-class suburbs of Bhagpur, Naraina, rival gangs of youths armed with stones and bottles swarmed over the flat roofs of earth-colored houses engaged in violent confrontations. One group of youths approached Madhusudan Banerjee, a Hindu nationalist leader, and informed him that two Hindus and six Sikhs had been rounded. There was one of them, added. "You are okay. You are our guest."

At Connaught Circus, New Delhi's commercial heart, the atmosphere was tense but less explosive. Still, in one row of shops their owners—only one of which was Sikh-owned—fell to Hindu nationalists. Explained Nirpal Banerjee, the middle-aged owner of a nearby record store. "An unruly mob was walking

where a mob at a train station in Madhya Pradesh state dragged 12 Sikh passengers from an express train and beat them to death with clubs and sticks. Police said six other Sikhs died in Gurgaon, just southwest of the capital, when they were pulled from cars or trapped on streets by rampaging groups. In New Delhi and five other cities—Indore, Patna, Bhubaneswar, Kanpur and Dehra Dun—authorities called in the troops and ordered soldiers to shoot rioters and looters on sight. The violence did not stop even for Gandhi's funeral. As world leaders gathered to pay tribute to his memory, seven people died when police fired on vigilantes in the capital.

In many parts of the country, Sikh businesses in their distinctive beards and turbans kept their shops closed

a Sikh street in part out of business." Newsmen, both Washington and London-based, tried to advise on tourists planning to travel to India. As well, Britain's Prime Minister Anne agreed to cut short her visit to the country as president of the Save the Children Fund after the Indian government warned her that it could not guarantee her security. And U.S. Embassy officials in New Delhi also warned their nationals to stay indoors and avoid crowds.

Moderate. Faced with mounting chaos, the new prime minister moved swiftly to attempt to assert his leadership. In one of his first acts as leader, Gandhi ordered dozens of the country's top ministers and state politicians who had converged on the capital for his mother's funeral to return to their regions and try to halt the fighting. He also joined



Rajiv Gandhi at mother's grave, faced with mounting chaos, the new prime minister moved swiftly to try to assert his control

er's ministry and he added that it would destroy India if allowed to continue unchecked.

Before Saturday's funeral, Gandhi conducted an early-morning tour of riot-stricken neighborhoods, personally advising armed gangs to lay down their weapons. But some critics feared he was not acting promptly enough to quell the violence. Opposition politicians accused a state-owned newspaper that if the new leader did not name the army at once, "India as a nation might sink into oblivion."

Meanwhile, a succession of accusa-

operation was being masterminded by a serving senior army officer with the rank of major-general based in Chandigarh, the Punjab state capital.

As well, an anonymous caller told a news agency that a Sikh organization known as the Dushmukh Regiment planned to kill former leaders attending Gandhi's funeral. Among those on the death list were dignitaries from the Soviet Union, Vietnam and the Palestine Liberation Organization—such as which, the caller said, were critical of Sikh demands for an independent homeland. And in London the crilled

a choir of men and women sat on the marble floor chanting prayers and singing Hindu hymns. But outside there was more chaos, as hundreds of young men rushed to get a glimpse of the body flung with police armed with tear gas.

For many Indians the turbulence and uncertainty that engulfed their country last week were sharp reminders of Indira Gandhi's own stormy political career. Born in Allahabad on Nov. 19, 1917, into a wealthy, highly westernized Hindu family, she grew up surrounded by politics. Her grandfather, Motilal

Mehr, was a brilliant lawyer and philosopher who joined the Congress movement led by Mohandas K. Gandhi (no relation to Indira) for Indian independence. As a result, the Mehrs' household became a launching pad for Indian independence, and both of her parents served successive terms in jail (page 30). For the child, it was a lonely and often difficult life. Recalled Gandhi many years later: "I have no recollection of games, children's parties or playing with other children. My favorite occupation was to deliver theodyssey speeches to the servants, standing on a high table. All my games

The first indications that she was no longer willing to live in her father's shadow emerged in 1956, when she became Congress Party president. Immediately displaying a rebelliousness that later became her trademark, Gandhi helped to plan the overthrow of adamantly elected Communist government in the southern state of Kerala. Even so, when her father died of a stroke in 1964, many party members considered her too inexperienced to assume the leadership and instead they made her the information minister in the new government of Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri.

When Shastri died in 1966, it was Gandhi's reputation as a weak and

was never seriously challenged. But even her victories could not shield her from growing popular discontent. Isolated from public opinion and incapable of solving the country's economic problems, Gandhi came under a series of attacks which seemed almost daily for alleged corruption and abuse of power. In 1975 she finally moved to end the unrest. Acting under a law passed during British rule, she proclaimed a state of emergency, jailing thousands of political opponents and imposing strict censorship on the press. Declared Gandhi: "Sometimes bitter medicine has to be administered to a patient only to cure him." Two years later, however, it was Gandhi herself who had to swallow a bitter draught when Indian voters swept her out of office in favor of Deo's Janata Party.

Crisis: Throughout the late 1970s Gandhi faced a succession of charges for alleged corruption, each time defiantly denying any wrongdoing. Gradually, however, Janata lost its popularity, because of its failure to resolve India's economic crisis, and in 1979 Deo resigned. In the next election, held in January, 1980, Gandhi's Congress (I) Party—the I stands for Indira—won with 351 seats out of 542 in the Lok Sabha, the lower house of parliament.

In the last years of her life Gandhi moved systematically to restore her authority as a number of rebellious states (page 37). But to what analysts considered to be her greatest challenge—the demand by Sikh extremists in the Punjab for autonomy—her reluctance to come to terms with the moderate Sikh party, the Akali Dal, only advanced the cause of the separatist radicals. Last June's government fell on the Sikh Golden Temple in Amritsar was politically popular. But together with the 600 dead, it left a deep reservoir of bitterness that colonized in her assassination.

Indeed, the argument that Indira's Sikhs made a separate homeland to shield themselves from the majority Hindus is likely as positive as the assertion that Indira's bloody order was the last word's bloody order. One Sikh in Delhi said that virtually none of his compatriots outside the Punjab had originally supported an independent Sikh state. But he added, "If this killing goes on, we are left with no alternative."

Now, the weight of India's problems falls to Rajiv Gandhi. The reluctant politician faces an awesome challenge to prevent a nation of 700 million people from tearing itself apart. Certainly, his mother was convinced that the Gandhi dynasty would lead stability to India and help to ensure its survival. With her son in place, her theory will be put to its ultimate test.

With David North in New Delhi.



Sikh at Golden Temple: Turban Hindu took revenge on members of the minority sect

were political games—I was, like Joan of Arc, perpetually being burned at the stake."

Legacy: As a young woman, Gandhi was distinguished chiefly by her cynicism and loyalty to her father. One of the few exceptions was her 1942 marriage to Feroze Gandhi, a newspaperman whose adherence to a different religion, Parsi, meant, she said, that "the whole of India was against us." The young couple had two children—Rajiv, born in 1944, and the late Sanjay, born in 1946—but husband and wife lived apart after 1947, when Indira decided to join her father after he became the first prime minister of the new nation. For the next 13 years she served as Nehru's official hostess and companion, accompanying him on tours abroad and gaining a firsthand apprenticeship in the crucible of Indian politics.

unavailable functionary that led the party organization to appoint her as India's third prime minister. That assumption was proved wrong three years later during a fierce power struggle over the largely ceremonial post of Indian president. With the help of most of the party's rank and file, Gandhi's credentials won a narrow victory over the more backed by her political allies. Meanwhile, the internal fighting had split the party into two factions—a conservative group led by Morarji Deo and a younger socialist faction dominated by Gandhi. In a shrewd move designed to win mass support, Gandhi simultaneously renounced the banks and abolished princely privileges. At the same time, she crushed down on Marxist radicals in order to reassure the middle classes and the business community. After that, her leadership

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Gandhi's reluctant heir

He was born on the map of India—in the waning days of the British Raj—as world war raged in the Pacific and the British held his grandfather as an Indian jail. And from his birth in August, 1944, Rajiv Gandhi has been dividing the old India from the new, the India of ancient problems which defy modern remedies. His grandfather, Jawaharlal Nehru, was an apostate, an anti-Kashmiri Brahmin who openly rejected Indian ritual. But when his only child, Indira Gandhi, gave birth to her first son, Nehru wrote from jail to ask that a holy man draft the child's horoscope. Then he named the baby Rajiv—a word that, like the name of his wife, Kamala, and his daughter, Indira, means "lotus."



Rajiv Gandhi's decent image

Which that, a dynasty was nurtured from a British prison cell inside Ahmednagar Fort, 200 km east of Bombay. **Rebels:** That dynasty's durability was displayed last week when, 15 hours after his mother's assassination, Rajiv Gandhi was sworn in as prime minister—a role that his grandfather and his mother had filled for 30 of India's 37 years of independence. The charismatic Nehru, an independent India's first leader, demolished British rule and his country until his death in 1964.

His shrewd and often ruthless daughter assembled power in 1966 and, except for three years in opposition (1977-1984)—more than 130 million Indians, the world's largest democracy, New Delhi, the former commercial airline pilot with a passion for computerized flow charts and sophisticated machinery, has inherited the shadow of leadership and with it the moral problems that often his vast and aged progeny.

Both in India and abroad, the central question was whether the self-spoken

and consuming "lotus" has also inherited the family skills for toughness and constitution needed to preserve India's democratic core and guide his nation into the 21st century. "He has the notion of being an effective leader. Great upon him," said Congress's central office official last week. "He is a solid and quite decent man, a man who does not have a lot of interest in ideological factions. He will govern the country on the basis of what works. The question as will be given the chance?"

Rebels: There are few doubts about his political bloodlines; they are thoroughbred. His great-grandfather, Motilal Nehru, was a rich lawyer who lived in a sumptuous Allahabad mansion and who abandoned his practice to follow the politics of the mahatma (teacher), Mohandas Gandhi, the apostle of Indian freedom through nonviolence. Before his death in 1930 Motilal had served time in British jails.

Rajiv's grandfather, Jawaharlal, languished nine years in British prisons for his efforts to obtain independence for his homeland. His mother, a political prisoner for eight months, championed the role of the rural government at the expense of the state, accumulating great influence and dealing amicably with enemies.

"Let us remember about the Nehrus," Indian novelist Salman Rushdie remarked last week, "that when it comes to power, they make the Kennedy look like amateurs."

At the heart of the suspense about Rajiv are doubts about the man himself. He was raised in privilege but he is unaccustomed to power. Except for his British school days and his mother's three years in opposition, he has dwelt for all his 43 years in the splendor of a prime ministerial home. By all accounts, his childhood was idyllic. His

father, Feroze Gandhi—as relative to the mahatma—was a journalist and, after 1950, a member of India's parliament in Nehru's Congress Party. Rajiv's parents lived apart for most of their married lives, while Indira played official hostess for the wider Indian elite until Feroze's death in 1968. With his younger brother, Sanjay, Rajiv watched



history unfold in the company of their famous elders. On Jan. 28, 1948, Rajiv visited Mahatma Gandhi with his mother and two relatives, and, while the adults hosted, the child decorated Gandhi's big toe with a chain of flowers. A day later the mahatma was assassinated.

Throughout their childhood Indira lavished attention on her sons. A disciplined woman, she learned as discipline in return. Once, she bluntly told Rajiv that a minor medical operation was going to hurt him—even though the surgeon had assured the family that the

procedure would be painless. "Rajiv never once cried or complained," she recalled proudly, "but here the pain was agony."

Those lessons in stoicism were less successful with the volatile Sanjay. A poor student who dropped out of the Delhi-Royce merchant's training school in England, India's youngest but more favored son made up with idleness and bravado what he lacked in talent. He tried first to set up a car manufacturing plant and, when that failed, threw himself into politics, relying on simple slogans and ruthlessness to succeed. Still, he had his mother's trust and he was her choice to continue the dynasty. But in June, 1980, Sanjay put his worst plans into an

and his Italian wife, Sonia, whom he had met studying engineering at Cambridge, had a son, Rahul, and a daughter, Priyanka. He also indulged his interests in amateur photography, lawn tennis and European classical music, especially that of Tchaikovsky. At the same time, he seemed to speak Hindi fluently, a skill neither his mother nor his grandfather possessed.

Mr. Clean: Rajiv's identity changed gradually as Indira groomed him to maintain the dynasty. She urged him to leave his beloved airplanes and become her adviser. Out of "duty to Mahatma," as he put it, he complied. In 1983 he won a by-election with a massive majority in rural Amethi, Sanjay's former riding

with applying management theories to his mother's decaying Congress (I) Party.

The experiments were not always successful. Computerized forecasts used in recent elections were frequently inaccurate. More seriously, Rajiv was blamed for poor advice in recommending his mother in August to topple the democratically elected government of Indira Prakash. The attempted ouster failed, leaving Gandhi's party vulnerable to opposition gains during elections that had been scheduled for January. Recently, Rajiv had been setting conditions for the national elections.

Rajiv's political naivete and his concentration on management flow charts

have raised questions about the manner in which he will govern. Before his mother's death, he declared that his highest priorities if he became prime minister would be population control and education. "Social reform is also extremely important," he added, "and so is more equitable distribution of wealth." He is expected to ease government financial controls and provide more incentives for private business. The West, too, may find him more accommodating than Indira. "There is an reason that countries like Canada would not find him a manageable prime minister," said one Canadian official.

Independence: Still, it is unclear whether the lawyer technician is capable of subduing the political opposition, reinvigorating the party, controlling the army and healing India's tragic divisions. In an interview after he entered parliament, Rajiv said that he would be in had more time to study the people before he entered politics. If he

Destitute squatters on Bombay street switching priorities to population control and education

alleged loop and crashed not far from the site of his mother's murder last week. His death changed the course of his brother's life.

As rumored as Sanjay was flamboyant, Rajiv had attended India's prestigious Doon School, spent two years at the Imperial College and Trinitarian College in London—failing to finish—and another two at Cambridge University. Back in India he trained as a commercial pilot, flying twin-propeller aircraft for Indian Airlines. He

His lack of cabinet rank did not matter. He had duly access to the prime minister. More than that, it was clear that he was Indira's heir apparent. At his mother's side, Rajiv travelled widely. He lunched with British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. He organized the Asian Games of 1982 in New Delhi. He chaired Sanjay's more respectable friends—including New Delhi's police commissioner—from public and unveiled in the resulting nickname of Mr. Clean. Then, he became fascinated

"The people are not going to put up with a bad performance. I will have to deliver, and if I don't do that, I will lose my position," he added. More telling, Rajiv climbed recently that he sometimes slips into the cockpit of his plane and does the "even if I cannot fly it," he said, "at least I can temporarily shake myself off from the outside world." That is no simple task, especially for Rajiv Gandhi, or Indira still, or any other.

—MARK JANAKIAN, with David North and Eric Fether in New Delhi

The world's divided Sikhs

In one English village they sit fire-works and handed out coffee candy. Outside the India consulate in New York they danced and drank champagne. But while militant Sikhs around the world rejoiced last week at the assassination of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, more moderate Sikh communities voiced regret over her death and abhorrence at the violence that followed it. Indeed, as India plunged into mourning, Sikhs around the world, with characteristic ambivalence, in New Delhi the five high priests of Sikhs condemned Gandhi's shooting by two Sikh bodyguards. And in Vancouver, James Macgregor, head of the International Punjabi Forum, declared, "It's a matter of shame for all of us to feel ashamed to our economic and political problems through violence."

Radicals But those sentiments were drowned out by the celebration of returned Sikhs. Indeed a triumphant Anand Singh, U.S. spokesman for the World Sikh Organization, "Justice has been done [to] India's Hitler." The joy that Gandhi's slaying inspired among radical Sikhs testified to their frustrated ambivalence over India's fractious federal system. After centuries of harmonious relations with the country's Hindu majority, Sikhs in modern times have grown fearful of cultural assimilation. They sought autonomy in the Punjab, the northwestern state in which about nine million of the country's 14 million Sikhs reside, accounting for just over half of the state's population.

Although they represented less than two per cent of India's population of 700 million, Sikhs in the Punjab, in fact known as the Punjab, Sikh farmers have been largely responsible for the country's "Green Revolution," producing 65 per cent of India's food grain resources. The militant Sikhs also constitute the nose of India's extrajurisdictional diaspora, and, because of a martial tradition in Sikhism, its adherents made up a remarkable 37 per cent of India's security forces. Even President Zail Singh, India's head of state, is a Sikh.

But in the quest for modernization many young educated Sikh men have begun to abandon the traditional customs and symbols of their faith—the mustache and beard, the turban, a brooch on the right arm, a dagger when the law permits it. Less secular but equally ambivalent Sikh politicians

have been frustrated by New Delhi's reluctance to meet their demands for greater autonomy in the Punjab.

Sikhism was a uniting religious force when it was established 800 years ago. Its founder, a guru named Nanak who was the first of 10 great teachers honored by the sect, attempted to bridge the Islamic and Hindu furor. He incorporated Islam's belief in one god with the Hindu doctrine of reincarnation while rejecting Hinduism's caste system and priestly ritual. Gurus Singh, the last of the 10 gurus, encouraged the Sikhs—the word itself is de-

during a century of colonial rule.

Members of the Sikh Akali Dal party have sought to gain additional power through negotiation with New Delhi. But the frustration of their efforts has chiefly benefited extremist Sikh elements who adopted terror tactics to promote their cause featuring a separatist movement that aims to turn the Punjab into an independent fundamentalist state known as Khalistan. The separatists gained momentum last year under the leadership of Sant (Holy Man) Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale, a giant 30-year-old guru whom Western



Defending Golden Temple, New Delhi militants characterize intolerance

rived from the Sanskrit for "disciple"—to become a militant warrior sect during the 17th century. From Gobind's death in 1708, his followers successively fought persecution by India's Muslim Mogul rulers, formed a separate state centered in Lahore and, in the 19th century, first fought and then joined the British colonizers.

Frictions When the subcontinent was divided into India and Pakistan in 1947, Sikhs faced their northwest homeland divided by the ancient religious fault line between Hinduism and Islam. Sikhs who migrated from Pakistan to what later became India's Punjab state, arrived with little money and none of the special privileges that they had earned for supporting the British

observers likened to Mao's Ayatollah Khomeini.

Under Bhindranwale's leadership, Sikh terrorist attacks against Hindus precipitated an ugly spiral of intercommunal attacks and reprisals in which more than 300 Sikhs and Hindus died violently. Then, last June, the white-robed Bhindranwale and 2,000 supporters barricaded themselves inside the Golden Temple in the Punjab city of Amritsar. There, briefing with weapons inside the 70-acre temple complex, Bhindranwale and his disciples targeted the Gandhi government, apparently calculating that the prime minister would never defile Sikhism's holiest shrine.

Like others before him, Bhindran-



wale unfurled Gandhi's resolve. Refusing to back down, the prime minister ordered an assault. During two days of brutal, hand-to-hand combat, Indian troops routed the Sikh extremists. The official government body count numbered about 800 victims—including Bhindranwale—but some unofficial accounts indicated that at least 1,000 people died. The attack provoked protests from Sikhs around the world.

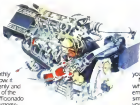
Shortly after the temple's storming, Kanwant Singh, a prominent Sikh writer and widely respected moderate, declared that the idea of Khalistan was becoming "very much alive." As a result, even mainstream Sikhs conceded last week that Gandhi's assassination was predictable. The murder, said Bhindran Singh leader Gurcharan Singh, was a cowardly act, but Gandhi had been "naive or less asking for it." Indeed, according to Sikh legends, anyone judged guilty of attacking the Golden Temple must pay with his life.

Assassination Some Sikh militants have transcended their animosity toward Hindus in Canada. During the siege of the Golden Temple, Vancouver's Hindus reported incidents of vandalism, violence and death threats. In Toronto a meeting of the Federation of Sikh Societies in Canada last June passed a resolution calling for a boycott of Hindu-Canadian businesses. Although there were minor skirmishes between Sikhs and Hindus after last week's assassination, community leaders said that they expected the violence would be limited. President Bhindranwale, Ontario's commissioner of race relations, "There may be some emotional reactions, but not to a way that will disturb the social fabric."

At the same time, many Sikhs and Hindus still contend that they will eventually resolve their differences. Says Gurcharan Singh, a federal government emissary in Ottawa and past president of the Federation of Sikh Societies in Canada: "If the government of India agreed that it is none of its business to interfere in the religious practices of the Punjab—and gave that assurance coupled with a certain autonomy for the state—separation would fade out." MORE University political scientist Roderic Haj Nyner added that the nation's fate may not be the less naive that exhausted Sikh fury over the storming of the Golden Temple. If so, that could open the way for renewed negotiations with the new government of Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi. But as last week's toll of dead and wounded mounted in India, and rumors spread that Rajiv himself had been targeted by Sikhs for assassination, the prospect of reconciliation seemed to be a distant dream. —PATRICK THOMAS, with Jane O'Hara in Vancouver

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The fear of a 'vacuum effect'

In Moscow, Soviet press reports referred darkly to US involvement in the troubles of India. In Washington, President Ronald Reagan warned that the Soviets might try to exploit Indian unrest to their advantage. And in Peking, Chinese Premier Zhao Ziyang called for a normalization of friendly relations with India. The reactions in the major capitals to the assassination of Indira Gandhi reflected concern about the dangers of a power vacuum and political upheaval in a key- stone nation of Asia which has often played a pivotal role in global politics. Declared socialist Salma Rushdie, a Bombay native who lives in London: "Now, perhaps—and it would be good to be wrong—the wheelwrecks began."

Those fears were not eased when Rajiv Gandhi, sworn in as India's 6th prime minister hours after his mother's murder, stepped onto the troubled world stage in a largely unknown role with a reputation as a reluctant participant in the country's complex international dealings. Some observers speculated that Gandhi, who is heavily influenced by the views of his Italian wife, might have more strongly toward the West than his mother had. But it was unclear whether India's new leader would continue to steer the country along its official course of nonalignment between the superpowers—or one whether he possessed the skills, or will, to do so. Privately, many diplomats noted misgivings. Said one US official: "There is a vacuum and we don't know who is going to fill it. Anything could develop."

Warlike: Gandhi inherited a complex foreign policy. Since India achieved independence from Britain in 1947, it has advocated practices that guarantee peace and neutrality. But it maintains one of the world's major military forces, with more than 1.3 million professionals under arms. Although India is among the world's poorest nations and exercises major foreign aid that any other, it issued a nuclear bomb in 1974 and joined the space race in 1982. India remains aloof from alliances that include non-Asian members, but it gets most of its aid from the United States, and it signed a 30-year treaty of peace and co-operation with the Soviet Union in 1971. A perennial critic of warlike actions by other nations, India seized the territory of Goa from Portugal in 1961, fought China on its northern frontier in



British Foreign Minister Margaret Thatcher, Gandhi's ex-suitcase Asian ally

1962 and warred with Pakistan three times.

India's Gandhi's often difficult relationship with the superpowers improved in the 1980s. Relations with Washington have been warmer since she visited the United States in July,

with Reagan's endorsement.



1982. In September, Reagan authorized a resumption of discussions on the sale of US military technology to India—talks suspended following India's nuclear test. At the same time, relations with Moscow strengthened. In August, 1983, India announced the purchase of advanced MIG-21 jet fighters and other up-to-date weaponry. There were also reports to take the chill out of India's relations with China. The two countries signed a trade agreement in August and held talks on their disputed Himalayan frontier in September.

Tensions: As the big powers maneuvered for influence with the new prime minister, too, embroiled in a diplomatic effort to meet religious agitator assassinations at signing a formal peace accord broke down and border tensions fed rumors of war. Last week Pakistan's military ruler, Gen Zia-ul-Haq, proclaimed three days of mourning for Indira Gandhi and ordered his country's press not to print reports of 80th anniversary rejoicing. Zia was also the first foreign leader to speak with Rajiv Gandhi after his took office. But as world leaders gathered for the funeral, it was clear that Indira Gandhi's death had provided one more source of tension. Said a US state department official: "Gandhi was able to balance all these conflicting forces. She is going to be missed."

—AND FRIDAYSON

A nation bitterly divided

The average, intercommunal rioting that followed Indira Gandhi's assassination erupted in the depths of India's political, religious and cultural divisions. Gandhi's critics accused her of upholding sectarian tensions to advance her own political interests. Others said that in a nation with 16 major languages and 22 principal religious denominations were intractable. In either case, Gandhi played a key role in many disputes, raising the issues involving the Punjab Sikhs that ultimately led to her death. *Nation's Newsmaker-Reporter David Halperin* examines some of the more recent regional crises. His report:

Jammu and Kashmir: The verdant northern state has endured decades of political unrest. India and Pakistan have fought three wars—in 1947, 1965 and 1971—for control of its strategic assets. The area's most recent upheaval, however, was a product of domestic Indian politics. Until 1982 relations between New Delhi and the state government in Srinagar had been cordial. But after the death of chief minister Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah—the so-called Lion of Kashmir—his son Farooq Abdullah succeeded him, and a new mood of confrontation set in. Gandhi firmly resisted Farooq's demands for greater autonomy for the culturally distinct region. Then, last July, 34 of Farooq's 115n defected, leaving him with just 34 seats in the 75-seat legislature. Lacking a majority, the chief minister was promptly fired and replaced by his brother-in-law, Ghulam Mohammed Shah, as Gandhi rushed in 30,000 peace- military troops to stop the fighting between rival factions.

Andhra Pradesh: India's fifth most populous state was thrown into turmoil in August when the pro-Gandhi state government, Ram Lal, dismissed the government of N.T. Rama Rao and his Telugu Desam Party, claiming that the former senior leader had lost a majority in the state assembly. For his part, Rama Rao charged that this local wing of Gandhi's Congress (I) Party had offered as much as \$200,000 to members of his caucus to defect. The governor's action, opponents charged, was part of a plan to install a state government friendly to Gandhi in preparation for national elections expected early next year. Bitter street riots erupted in the state capital of Hyderabad, 1,200 km south of New Delhi. Then, after nationwide protests,



a new Gandhi-appointed governor reinstated Rama Rao—a rare political defeat for Gandhi.

Assam: The fighting erupted on Feb. 12, 1983, and before the fury of local tribesmen had spent itself 14 days later, as tens of thousands of people had died. The nation's northeastern state has long wrestled with bitterly contested tensions between local Assamese and two million Bengali immigrants from neighboring Bangladesh, whom local Hindus accused of taking over the state's best farmland. Gandhi's controversial decision—bitterly opposed by Hindus—to hold an election for the state legislature sparked the rioting. The Hindus claimed that the prime minister had offered voter rolls with the names of thousands of thousands of Bengalis who, since their arrival, had become strong supporters of her Congress (I) Party. Hindus attacked Muslim villages, burning huts and accusing slaking stones drenched to death. Gandhi proceeded with the elections, and her party

won. But in many observers it seemed to be a hollow victory.

Madhya and Himachal: Until the 17th century both cultures assimilated peacefully. But Muslim fears of assimilation by the majority Hindus have spawned and violence and the partition of the subcontinent into India and Pakistan in independence in 1947. Tensions erupted in Bombay last May, when Madhes, claiming that a militant Hindu had defiled the name of Mohammed, India's prophet, tore down a Hindu flag at a religious center and repaired it with green Islamic banners. A wave of violence ensued, killing 200 people. The brutal fighting prompted critics to accuse Gandhi of inactivity in suppressing intercommunal strife. Only days after the Bombay riots, Gandhi did take strong measures against another wave of anarchy, this time ordering the assault on the Sikh Golden Temple in the Punjab. It was that decision that would drive the prime minister personally into India's crucible of violence.

The eternal crisis of India

ESSAY

By George Woodcock

On the evening of Jan. 30, 1948, Mohandas K. Gandhi, the architect of Indian freedom, walked out of a house in New Delhi to attend his daily prayer meeting. A Hindu fanatic shot him, and he died immediately. Thirty-one years later, on the morning of Oct. 31, 1984, Indira Gandhi—his relative, but a successor in the line of Indian leaders expelled out of another house in New Delhi to meet Prime Minister. Two Sikh fanatics shot her, and she died shortly afterward. Both leaders were killed for offending the beliefs of their compatriots: Mahatma Gandhi by agreeing to the partition of British India into the new states of secular India and Muslim Pakistan, and Indira Gandhi by authorizing the burning and destruction of the 80,000 holiest shrines, the Golden Temple of Amritsar.

These deaths tragically bracket the turbulent history of free India and emphasize the difficulties of creating a democracy in a country that had previously known only under the autocracy of the British Raj. India emerged into freedom divided by religion, language and culture. Eighteen languages and many dialects were spoken among the more than 300 million people who gained independence in 1947; eventually, to this day Indians from the north and the south communicate only in the English of their former conquerors. Historic religious enmities for their dark, Hinduism, Islam, Sikhism, Jainism, Christianity and a resurgent Buddhism, whose significance appeared to the millions of outcasts still treated by many orthodox Hindus as antiquated.

While Mohandas Gandhi was alive, there were still alternative paths for the new India. Jawaharlal Nehru, first prime minister and Indira Gandhi's father, was anxious to create an industrialized nation-state on the Western model. He and his associates turned the independence movement, the Indian National Congress, into a political party. They took over, almost unchanged, the army and administrative system that the British had created. Like Canada, they embraced a British-style parliamentary structure with a federal system of states based on linguistic and geographical divisions.

The mahatmas regarded this new nation as an old model with distortions. He boycotted the independence movement. With a prophetic nose he "smelt corruption in the air." He advised Nehru to avoid it by disbanding the Congress as a party and turning it into an "organization for the service of the people," dedicated to removing the villages where three-quarters of Indians lived (and still do live) and creating an agrarian economy. Nehru chose the oppo-

site path. When Gandhi's death removed his moral influence, any hope of India offering a new kind of society that might have challenged Marxist influence in the developing world came to an end. Yet India under Nehru measured a democracy, and so, paradoxically, it still is. Though she suspended civil rights in 1975, jailed opposition leaders and ruled as virtual despot for 20 months, Mrs. Gandhi ended an era in 1977 and sought defeat.

Indira Gandhi always wanted, explicitly between democracy and autocracy, her really constant aim was power. After becoming prime minister in 1966, she undermined her rivals in Congress. The party was destroyed by strife, but she then formed her Congress (I). She peopled it with sycophants so undisturbed that when she died, there was nobody to challenge the succession of her inexperienced son, Rajiv.

In power, Indira Gandhi protected corrupt ministers and sponsored lavish patronage. She interfered arbitrarily in the affairs of state governments. In the Punjab she imprisoned moderate Sikh leaders, thus making inevitable the confrontation with extremists that led to the violence whose eventual consequence was her own death.

In ways other than politics India has changed, often for the better. The Green Revolution happened in agriculture and famine is no longer among India's pressing problems. Industry has grown and diversified. India now maintains a largely self-contained economy.

On the other hand, population grows virtually unchecked.

There are now more than 700 million Indians, more than twice as many as at independence. And poverty is virtually unmitigated. More than a third of the population lives on a level of subsistence hardly imaginable to Canadians, with no land, no kenneh better than shacks, no jobs worth the name—like the women who work everywhere on the roads, chopping and laying stone fragments by hand for a dollar a day or less. Despite all the interference Indira Gandhi once expressed of squandering the rich and helping the poor, that strain of the beggars remains, a monument of despair waiting to be whipped into a rage.

The newly appointed leader, Rajiv Gandhi, is wholly untested in his ability to govern the mad country he has inherited—even in his power to neutralize his own party. And the least indication of a power vacuum can have unpredictable consequences in a country as volatile as India. Religious divisions and religious assassinations will not be dispelled by the shock of Indira Gandhi's death. And an army of almost a million men, 775,000 of them Sikhs, stands uneasily in the background, a power that has not yet declared itself.

For more on this story George Woodcock's IATA book on India. Walls of India, will be published next year.



Nehru, Gandhi: between democracy and autocracy



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Awakening to the horror of famine



Starving Ethiopian child (above); mother with hungry children of refugee camp for starving refugees throughout Africa, a tragic case of much too little relief for too late



Even by Africa's harsh standards, the scale of the disaster is immense. In Ethiopia alone, a Western official now predicts that 100,000 people will die, more than four times the number who perished in the continent's last major famine 11 years ago. Another 5.5 million—approximately the population of Montreal and Toronto combined—are suffering from the ravages of a persistent drought, which has spread from Ethiopia's northern provinces to the normally fertile south. As Western relief agencies last week began readying emergency shipments of food and medicines, Ethiopian officials voiced fears that, for the starving millions, the world's response was a tragic case of much too little, far too late.

African aid officials have warned of impending catastrophe for two years. But only last month's graphic horror show—television film footage of screaming, starving infants and children cradled in their mothers' skeletal embraces—spurred governments and relief agencies into action. Since then, Western and Communist nations have pledged or raised tens of food and millions of dollars, including \$14.5 million from the United States, \$50.4 million from the European Community and \$20 million from Canada—a 50-per-cent increase from its contribution during the last fiscal year.

Private donations, including \$12 million from the international relief agency Oxfam, have supplemented government efforts. The United States Committee for UNICEF received 5,000 phone calls in three days. "Many of them are in tears when they call," said president James Skutumpah. "They've seen the television footage and they say it's horrible."

Inevitably, the disaster brought attempts to fix blame—as aid organizations for failing to answer earlier appeals, as Western governments, for using food as a weapon of foreign policy to undermine the Marxist government of Mengistu Haile Mariam, and on Mengistu himself, the last month's \$100-million spending binge that celebrated the 19th anniversary of the revolution that toppled Emperor Haile Selassie.

Whatever the cause, the emergency shipments should provide some temporary relief. But it will not eradicate the continent's deep-rooted problems. As the *NY Times* soberly predicted: "There is no end in sight for the silent suffering of what is undeniably the worst human disaster in the recent history of Africa."

—GILLIAN MACKAY



A wistful race to the finish

Three styles were so different in the final days as they had been through the entire 1984 presidential campaign. As poll after poll predicted that he would sweep the country, Ronald Reagan traveled through his Washington, D.C., re-election headquarters warning workers not to be too complacent, while Walter Mondale variously stalked the cities of the American Midwest, urging voters to defy the pollsters. In his final election swing through the handful of states where the Democrats retained a chance of victory, the challenger was still trying to reach the electorate into embracing the final moral planks of his platform. But the incumbent, seemingly assured of his own re-election, belatedly stopped for Republicanism in several tight U.S. Senate and House of Representatives races in an effort to translate his enormous personal appeal into a Reagan-led tidal wave of No. 6.

Despite those stark differences, one serious thread united both political camps last week—a poignant validation of the fact that for Mondale, the campaign's final leg seemed to mark the dying days of a dream that had inspired his entire

36-year political career. Indeed, despite public admissions to disregard the pundits, his own campaign chairman, James Johnson, privately told Mondale in Milwaukee two weeks ago that he lacked the poll numbers to stage the standard miracle that Democrats had hoped for. Ironically, instead of disheartening Mondale, the briefing suddenly energized him. Bowed from the cautious and lackluster approach that had characterized much of his campaign, he launched into a dramatic offensive that drew crowd crowds and—for the first time—genuine enthusiasm. With little left to lose, Mondale made stirring emotional appeals based on the bedrock Democratic principles he had always fought for—equality, social justice, arms control and human rights.

"We believe in a solid, just, compassionate, hopeful future," he said packed rallies throughout the industrial northwest and Midwest last week, in what seemed to some observers like a lifetime's summation. "That's why I'm in politics." Personally choosing a theme day to bumper act, the former vice-president finally revealed the generous, relaxed and decent old pro that voters had

salvaged from the University of Minnesota's campus in Duluth. Mondale sounded a moving, eloquent note that reminded supporters he had come to the end of his own political road. "We've been together, haven't we?" he said. "In happy times, in sad times, in victory and defeat, we've always worked together. I wouldn't trade one minute of it for anything in the world."

Periodically, that sense of comradeship was infecting the triumphant Reagan camp. As the president set out on a last 15-day, 10-state election tour that would end where Reagan's political life began 16 years ago—in California—sides reformed on the closing campaign of his career. Said White House Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver, who has staged with Reagan since the California governorship began in 1966: "There's a lot of nostalgia in all this. There's a relief, but there's a kind of sadness to knowing we're beginning the final chapter."

In fact, posed on the crest of his triumphing landslide, the president, noted political scientist Austin Ranney of the Washington-based American Enterprise Institute, was at once at the apogee and the beginning of the decline of his power. Said Ranney: "Five minutes after he's inaugurated, Reagan is a lame duck. He has no political future because he won't be running again. And

the party will be paying less attention to him as candidates start positioning themselves for the presidency in 1987."

To beset on his last, Reagan spent his final campaign days appealing to over-saturation his advisors had targeted as the difference between a victory (270 electoral college votes) and a landslide: defeating Democrats and Jews. In a New York synagogue, the president donned a white yarmulke—his aides handed out others emblazoned with the presidential seal—and told a Sabbath congregation that he had sent U.S. troops to Beirut in 1982 to prevent another Holocaust. That claim brought quick denunciations from both Jewish and Democratic leaders. Reagan was 40 per cent of the Jewish vote in 1980, but many analysts doubt he will do so well again this week. While few segments of the Jewish community endorse Reagan's tough defense policies and support for Israel, another faction last week denounced his alliance with Christian fundamentalists who want to defile the United States as an essentially Christian nation. Said Rabbi Henry Waxman, executive director of the American Jewish Congress: "There is nothing innocent about the president's involvement."

Reagan last week also repeated his appeal to Democrats to defect from a party that he charged had "deserted" them. Throughout the campaign, the



Reagan: the start of the final chapter

president invoked such heroes of the Democratic past such as Henry R. Truman and John F. Kennedy so frequently that Mondale accused him of "grave-robbing." But the Reagan rhetoric was no accident. Said Ranney: "It makes it a little bit easier for someone who thinks of him self as a good Democrat to vote for Reagan." Republican strategists have long assumed that to win, the president needed to capture at least 30 per cent of the Democratic vote. Recent voter surveys indicated he would take as much as 30 per cent.

That battle for the party's legacy prompted Mondale—during a week-long parade in Chicago last week—to issue an emotional appeal for Democrats to return to the fold. It also provoked his emphasis on traditional Democratic values in the campaign's final days. But according to some observers, that reiteration of the old liberal credo may explain why Mondale failed to capture voters' imaginations. "His vision is seen even by his own voters as somewhat out of date," said Norman Eisenstein, a professor at Georgetown University Law Center. "Mondale has not only clung to the old values but to an idea of the socio-economic world that hasn't changed. After this election, the Democratic party is in for a huge self-examination." —MARC MCDONALD in Washington

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POLAND

Bidding farewell to a martyr

The vast along the marches lay thick as Polish broth. Across the silent, murky waters of the river's reservoir, deadfish, with searchlights moved like warships, as frogmen dragged the bottom for their elusive quarry. After several days they found it—the bloated body of rebel Roman Gajda.

The 27-year-old wife of Poland's Communist government disappeared on Oct. 29 near the northern city of Torun. Three members of the Polish interior ministry, subsequently charged with abduction, confessed to dumping the priest's body into the waters of the Vistula River, 130 km northwest of Warsaw. Last week, 25 members of Pope John's congregation gathered in grief at St. Stanislaw Korcia Church in Warsaw, Roman Catholic leaders and officials of Solidarity, the banned trade union, appealed for calm. Said Solidarity leader Lech Walesa: "Let his grave be the shrine around which all Poland can be reunited."

But for Polish leader Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski, Pope John's death presented only political implications. The entire incident, most observers contended, was designed by Communist party hard-liners to destroy the general's credibility—and avert recent moves toward reconciliation with the church and tame political opponents. To counter suggestions that he had authorized the kidnapping, Jaruzelski last week warned that murder charges would be laid against the three suspects. At the same time, a general was suspended and two colonels arrested in a bid by Jaruzelski to purge the interior ministry, which opposes both the register and secret police.

The delicacy of Jaruzelski's task—to appease party hard-liners while maintaining dialogue with opposition elements—was underscored by Puklerzy member Josef Dyrnik. Seeking to ally forces that the general had strayed too far from Communist orthodoxy, Dyrnik insisted that the government would never compromise with Solidarity and

warned, "Agitation for bourgeois 'political pluralism' is all in vain."

But at week's end, there was little to suggest that Poles were ready to abandon the causes for which Pope John had given his life. At least \$50,000 attended the martyr priest's funeral Saturday at St. Stanislaw, as Josef Cier-



Mourners leaving Pope John's coffin for interment

dinal Gimp, Poland's Catholic primate, celebrated an apostolic vigil mass from the church balcony. But the most serious development last week was the formation of a human rights committee by 24 intellectuals and workers in the southern city of Wroclaw. Designed to monitor police activities, the group plans to set up similar operations in every major Polish city. If it survives, it could become the first formal opposition movement since Solidarity was outlawed in December, 1983. The "M" organizers conceded, in substantial. Even if Jaruzelski sidesteps his hard-line rivals, he can still afford to offend more potent Communist forces, such as the Kormela, by allowing human rights committees to do what Solidarity effectively did—challenge the authority of communism in Poland.

—RUE MASTERTON in Vienna

The coal miners dig in



Scargill refuses

President Arthur Scargill vowed not to abandon the fight against the government's plan to shut inefficient mine operations. But the NUM's violent tactics have cost it heavily in public support. Indeed, what sympathy remained was exhausted last week when British television showed a top union official embracing a Conservative leader. *Col. Michael Heseltine* in *Triumph*: Said the *Daily Mirror*: "The miners' cause may never recover from it."

Amid the terror, hope

The endless search for peace in the Middle East suffered a brutal setback last week and then moved tentatively forward again. In Jerusalem, Jewish extremists launched a rocket attack on a bus packed with about 40 Palestinian commuters, killing one and wounding 10. The attackers left a note claiming that the suicide assault was in retaliation for the assassination-style slaying of two Jewish students in the central town of Be'er-Jaba. Muslim leaders expressed outrage at the attack but the militant anti-Arab Kach party issued a statement praising it as "an act of revenge by courageous Jews." Still, on another front there was a more promising development: Israeli officials agreed to hold talks this week with their Lebanese counterparts on the possible withdrawal of 15,000 Israeli soldiers from southern Lebanon. Israel is eager to end its occupation, which is costing \$1 billion a day in military aid, but only if it can arrange a greater role for United Nations peacekeeping troops in the volatile region. The UN forces would act as a buffer between the two countries and, Jerusalem hopes, deter attacks by Palestinian terrorists on border villages. Because of the fragile nature of Middle Eastern diplomacy, neither side last week elaborated on the proposed meeting. But analysts pointed to the all-important approval of the talks by influential Syria as an indication that negotiations have at least a chance of succeeding.

Pinochet's tough line

The people were eerily familiar. For the government, tear gas and water cannon, for the demonstrators, burning tires and home-made bombs. But as these signs of urban violence in Chile ended last week, leaving eight dead and scores injured, observers said the struggle against Gen. Augusto Pinochet's 11-year military rule may have entered a new stage. For the past year, Pinochet, 68, has kept political opponents off-balance by halting on the promise of dialogue and reform—what Chileans called the *apertura*, or opening. But last week, on the eve of a general strike called to demand a return to democracy, Pinochet pointedly ruled out talks with the

opposition and postponed plans to legalize political parties. In a broadcast speech, he also announced new press curbs, sent more than 180 criminals into exile and threatened to impose a state of siege. The tough line provoked an equally firm response, including one bomb that exploded only 200 m from the president as he opened Santiago's International Fair. And the general strike, despite tepid support from the Democratic Alliance—a coalition of center-left and moderate right political factions—enjoyed more success than its organizers had expected, with alternative figures approaching 90 percent. Indeed, hoping to accelerate Chile's scheduled 1989 date for democratic restoration, opponents said last week that Pinochet's abrupt closing of *apertura* may have achieved what they had failed to do—unify the opposition.

Ending a murder plot

One was a Honduran entrepreneur whose \$7-million cement business had been nationalized. Another was a Honduran sought suspected of being an international arms dealer. But when U.S. Federal agents arrested members of the would-be conspirators in Miami last week, the charges involved far more than violations of the laws of commerce. Indeed, according to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, eight men were plotting to assassinate Honduran President Roberto Reina Córdova and take over the government. A math professor, former Honduran chief of staff José Ramo-Rosa, now serving as military attaché in his nation's embassy in Chile, surveillance of week's end. Investigators said the alleged conspirators sought to finance acquisition of tanks, guns, explosives and even airplanes by importing \$18 million worth of Colombian cocaine into Florida. In turn, the arsenal would have been used in a coup attempt. The plan fell apart after an FBI undercover agent infiltrated the group, posing as a hit man who "turned" to kill Ramo-Rosa for \$200,000. An Honduran government leader's part in an economic service to consider last week's revelations. Washington was already delighted by the investigation's outcome. Quite apart from dismantling a terrorist operation on its own shores, the arrests probably saved the life of President Reina—one of the Reagan administration's most visible allies in a troubled regime.

Comecon's new cause



Constanze Hainich fails

—and met much more—to representatives of Nicaragua's Sandinista government, who attended as observers. Their war-tattered country has provided requests for renewed aid from Eastern bloc nations. But despite strong words of support, Soviet officials concentrated last week on more urgent themes: closing the gap with the West in development of high technology and reducing Comecon nations' dependence on dwindling Soviet oil reserves.

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The Tory-Business honeymoon

By Ian Austin

When Pierre Trudeau became Prime Minister in 1968, he spent the first Wednesday night of every month consulting with some of the nation's top businessmen. But within two years, Trudeau had become disenchanted with the industry leaders because, he said, they were poorly prepared for the meetings. Realized one elite Trudeau aide who attended "He was appalled by their lack of expertise and breadth." The last businessman to have become angry with what they regarded as Trudeau's arrogance. Said the aide: "You do not tell Elsie Macdonald (former chairman of the Royal Bank of Canada) to sack eggs in public without getting him upset."

But that mood of confrontation changed dramatically with the landslide victory of Brian Mulroney's pro-business, anti-interventionist Tories on Sept. 4. As Tory Finance Minister Michael Wilson prepared to announce his first economic statement this week, the country's boardrooms were already approving plans with the government's first major moves: plans for massive cuts to the Canadian Broadcasting Corp.'s budget, the swift recapitalization of all of the state-owned Crown corporations owned by the Canadian Development Investment Corp. (CDIC) (page 50), and the launching of an inquiry into the controversial 1982 Petro-Canada purchase of Petrolia Canada Inc. (page 52). The Tories were also reaching out and reviving high-level private sector experts to Ottawa as advisers. William Blackless, vice-president and chief economist of the Bank of Nova Scotia, for one, is expected to become a government special adviser as fiscal matters for a one-year term.

At the same time, business executives say that they find the Prime Minister accessible again. Said John Butloch, president of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business, whose group is to meet with Mulroney this week: "They are more of a pragmatic, common-sense type government and they seem anxious to consult. We have found every door open."

The most striking of the government's early actions was the abolition and dissolution of the troubled CRTC, assumed by Industry Minister Sinclair Stavey last week. Said Richard Sharpe, the

chairman of Toronto-based retailer Sears Canada Inc.: "The stand they took on the CRTC came pretty damned fast and was pretty courageous." But the key issue facing the nation, according to business groups, is the \$12.5-billion federal

financial shortfall.

A BDO task force headed by Davey McKeough—the former Ontario treasurer who now runs Chatham, Ontario Union Gas Ltd.—said that cutting government spending to reduce the deficit "is the first priority."

An avowed, it rejected the notion of Ottawa increasing taxes to cut the deficit, arguing that new taxes would only slow down the economy. Instead, the group proposed that, among other measures, Ottawa end universality for social benefits such as pensions and baby bonuses, freeze foreign aid programs and wind down various energy programs, including grants for improving home insulation. The council also contended that the government should suspend incentives for petroleum exploration, and reduce government expenditures in all other areas, except the military, by 50 per cent.

The report said that failure to meet these goals would be a costly mistake. If the current program were allowed to continue, it added, they would lead to higher interest rates and inflation. As well, Ottawa might be forced into increased foreign borrowing to meet its debt bill.

For his part, Pearce Butling, the Toronto Stock Exchange president, also argues that cutting the deficit is an essential priority. Mulroney said, he said, would be a certain

series of strategies more foreign investment in Canadian industry. Added Butling: "A lot of people want to invest in North America, but they have simply perceived Canada as a less beneficial place to invest in the past few years. But



Butloch: more doors open to business

cutting the deficit is probably the one action that most foreign investors would regard as the clearest signal of change."

Other business groups have proposed even more severe methods to ease the deficit. The most controversial came from the 8,000-member Canadian Manufacturers Association (CMA). In a submission to the new cabinet Oct. 27, the group urged Ottawa to consider relaxing some of the nation's most onerous laws, including child labor regulations, minimum wage laws and statutory holidays, as well as health and safety standards in the workplace. Even the CMA's chairman, James Black, acknowledged that the government's reaction to the plan was likely to be "just a little bit over-the-top, a little bit disbelieving." The New Democratic Party's federal secretary, Gerald Caplan, charged that the CMA's program represented "nothing less than a declaration of class warfare, an attempt to turn the clock back to the last century."

Business groups have also welcomed Mulroney's more conciliatory approach to trade and economic co-operation with the United States. To that end, the Prime Minister may share many of the measures currently imposed by the National Energy Program—a dramatic corporate target—as well as the staff limits that the Foreign Investment Review Agency can apply to incoming capital. Said Alton Cartwright, the chairman of Canadian General Electric Co. Ltd., the Toronto-based arm of U.S. electrical, machinery and appliance giant

"The idea of life are that we are entering into a very open trading system in which the Canadian market will be open to all comers. To survive we will need a bigger market than the 26 million people we have now. The only one that is available in the United States, so we have to look in that direction."

But there have also been objections to the Tories' early actions. Senator Keith Duggan, a key Liberal strategist known for his premonitions of doom, declared, "I think the frightening thing is that the American business community will have an immediate answer to say in



Butling: deficit cut to avert target

Canadian affairs." Criticism of privatization plans has come from at least one unlikely source as well. Thomas Kierman, the president of the Toronto investment firm Meland Young Weir Ltd., and a long-time member of Ontario's Tory club. Although Kierman is adding Britain's Conservative government in a sell-off of 51 per cent of its holding in British Telecom PLC, he declared in a recent study for the Institute for Public Policy Research that "nationalization may prove counterproductive to Canada's true policy priorities." Kierman said he is concerned that after privatization companies such as Canadian and Bell Canada will be added to the holdings of corporations that are already much too large and too powerful. At the same time, he noted, there is little evidence to suggest that privatization will ultimately lead to the creation of new jobs for Canadians.

Outside the realm of business, attitudes toward the deficit vary considerably. Douglas Hartle, an economist at the University of Toronto's Institute for Policy Analysis, said last week that "most businessmen frankly do not know what they are talking about." Acknowledging that the large deficit is "a terribly serious matter," Hartle said it is more important to have a clearer sense of how long Canada will have to live with such a large debt and what effect it has. He said that cuts are needed in the United States, where the deficit is more a product of the nation's economic structure and where it has international implications. But Hartle added that cuts may not provide the solution to many of Canada's economic difficulties. The Canadian deficit, he contended, could be largely dried up through five years of sustained growth. Declared Hartle: "We have had large deficits before and we have recovered from all of them."

Still, businessmen clearly have high expectations for the new government. That many observers noticed that the corporate world will eventually sour even on a pro-business Tory government. Said Jack Grossman, a York University historian: "Although the reality is that business is the most interested to group in society, businesses always seem to feel they are not consulted. It is a historical whim that we are beating it even if the government does everything it said it would during the election."

With Mary Anigan and Gord Geor in Ottawa.



Kierman: privatization has problems

Ottawa looks for a buyer

By Terry Hargreaves

Rumors of the meeting circulated in Ottawa for days after the federal Minister of regional industrial expansion, Minister Stevens, announced Joel Bell, president of the Canada Development Investment Corp (CDIC) to his office on the fourth floor of the Centre Block on Parliament Hill. Stevens' message to Bell was clear: He told the Liberal appointee that he was fired and that the Conservative government intended to put about \$2.2 billion worth of CDIC assets on the auction block for private sector buyers. Then, last week Stevens made the details public. At a news conference Stevens introduced Bell's replacement, 65-year-old Paul Marshall, president of Calgary-based Western Resources Ltd., and announced that a new slate of high-powered business executives had been appointed to CDIC's board of directors. Their task is to clean out its corporate stable of date-ridden firms, including Canadian Ltd., de Havilland Aircraft of Canada Ltd. and Eldorado Nuclear Ltd., within the next six to 12 months.

With his free enterprise outlook, this was no like-overview matter for



Photo by the author for the author's article.

signal that the government's role "is to support the private sector by acting the right time place for business." Stevens was less apologetic on who might buy the ailing firms. Said he: "We could welcome one buyer for the entire group, whether or not we will be able to arrange that we do not know." By week's end, the sea of identified potential acquirers, the British Columbia Resource Investment Corp (BCRIC), had emerged. But it was unclear whether a quick sale of the CDIC's assets was possible at anything above fire-sale prices and whether the government would cover its considerable investment in the CDIC's money-losing firms. Concluded Stevens: "Governments must accept that there is never a truly ideal time to dispose of Crown corporations."

Stevens has brought in a team of experienced corporate goers to accomplish his goal. Marshall's credentials include a successful career in the Canadian chemicals industry prior to moving to the presidency of the highly profitable Western Resources, a subsidiary of Brunson Ltd. of Toronto, at its creation in 1980. Marshall will receive only director's fees of \$5,000 a year plus \$400 a meeting as a CDIC board member—he will continue to collect his Western salary—and he intends to return to Western in six months. Marshall took the job

desert of Western's parent, Brunson Ltd., would be brought in as a CDIC director to help him oversee the complicated corporate disposal process.

The new team faces a complex job because most of the CDIC-owned firms are far from appealing. As a result, said Stevens, the government wants to buy only the CDIC's assets that "people in the street pick the best cherry." The only really attractive buy is Teleglobe Canada, which provides Canada's international telephone and telecommunications links by satellite. The Montreal-based company made a profit of \$41 million in 1985 and a further \$12 million in the first six months of 1986.

At the same time, money-losing Canadian Ltd. might attract a buyer because of some earlier debt financial footwork by the Liberal government. The Quebec aircraft manufacturer, which employs 4,300 people at four plants in Montreal, lost \$1.4 billion in 1985, the largest loss in Canadian corporate history. But this spring the federal government created another government-owned shell company which assumed \$1.4 billion of Canadian's long-term debt. With a clean balance sheet, Canadian managed a 1984 six-month profit of nearly \$1 million. But Canadian's narrow focus on the executive jet market may prove an obstacle to its sale, according to industry analyst Robert Jondicke, first vice-president of Shearson Lehman/American Express in New York. Said Jondicke: "I doubt there are a lot of companies around willing for this sale. It is a capital intensive industry, high tech, with limited demand and lots of competition."

Other cherries in CDIC's basket are even less appealing. Downsview, Ontario-based de Havilland, which builds the Dash 7 and Dash 8 commuter planes as well as the twin Otter and Buffalo aircraft, has received \$505 million in government grants since November, 1982. But the firm, which carries a debt of \$77 million, lost \$236 million last year and a further \$16.5 million in the first six months of 1986. Eldorado Nuclear's financial record is little better. The Ottawa-based miner and refiner of uranium lost \$5.4 million in the first half of 1986 and has a debt of \$375 million.

Debt problems will also pose an obstacle to the government's sale of its 48-per-cent interest in Canada Development Corp (CDC), a Vancouver-based conglomerate with holdings in everything from mines and petrochemicals to high-tech firms. CDC is struggling with a \$4.4-billion debt load and lost \$45 million last year. The company is fighting back into the black—it made a \$27.5-million profit in the first half of this year—but its long-term debt remains worrisome. As well, the government wants to sell five million shares which it

bought from the ailing farm equipment maker, Massey-Ferguson Ltd., in 1985. That too may prove difficult because of the stagnant world market for farm machinery.

Realists at CDIC—a public firm created by the BC government in 1979 as a parent for a host of money-losing provincially owned firms—revealed that they were studying the possibility of buying the CDIC's assets, but they favor a company's sale—perhaps involving CDC paying the federal government newly issued shares rather than money.

Liberal Leader John Turner was non-committal, saying that he wanted to see the terms of the sale before passing judgment. But now finance critic Nelson Rice was more blunt. He asserted, "The size of the sale will likely preclude investment by a Canadian buyer, leading to even more foreign ownership in the Canadian economy," Stevens disagreed. "We believe that the discipline of the private sector will in fact create jobs and encourage investment," he said. The market will be the ultimate judge of Stevens' apparent confidence. ☐

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Petrocan under scrutiny

When Petro-Canada, the federally owned energy firm, bought the Canadian assets of Petrolia Canada Inc. from its Belgian parent for \$1.9 billion in 1985, a political uproar ensued. Led by then-opposition energy critic Michael Wilson, the Conservatives charged that the purchase price of \$18 a share—more than \$30 above the stock's market value—was too high. But the Liberal government rebuffed demands from the Tories—and later from Federal Auditor General Kenneth Dye—for an investigation into the deal. Then last week the newly elected Conservative government rejected the controversial affair. Energy Minister Patricia Carney announced that the government had appointed the Toronto-based accounting firm Ernst and Whinney to investigate the deal and make a report by the end of January. But a senior government official "We want to know whether the taxpayers got their money's worth."

The accountants are clearly prepared to investigate the transaction in minute detail. For one thing, they will try to determine if Petrocan made any evaluation of Petrolia's assets before buying the firm. For another, they will inquire

into whether Petrocan paid a fair price for the firm's assets, including 500 gas stations, gas and oil reserves, gas processing plants and a refinery. But Carney's chief of staff, Harry Neer, "There was a cloud over the Petrocan deal, and it has to be cleared up."

The February, 1984, Petrolia purchase was preceded by increased trading in the Canadian stock market's shares. Market reports in September, 1983, caused a jump in the firm's share price, to about \$60 from the \$40 range. Conservatives charged that individuals who knew of the impending purchase leaked information on the deal or tried to profit personally from it. But those allegations were ruled out by a nine-month investigation undertaken by the federal department of consumer and corporate affairs in 1983.

Auditor General Dye first made attempts to investigate the transaction a year later, but the federal government blocked his attempts at obtaining documents, issuing an order denying his request in June, 1984. Dye requested the next month by challenging the legality of the government's action in the Federal Court of Canada. Dye is still awaiting the start of court proceedings. While he

said Carney's move "is useful as far as it goes," he declared that he still wants to study such issues as the tax treatment of the takeover.

Energy analysts said last week that the purchase price was probably not too high. Said Robert Stinson, an analyst with Levesque, Beaudin Inc. in Toronto: "At the time, given the prices being paid in other takeovers, it was not untypical." Added James Hamilton, a Calgary analyst with Bell, Gurneek Ltd.: "Some stocks trade at 100 per cent of their worth, others trade at 50 per cent of their worth. I make my living out of proving that the market is imperfect. Of the takeovers done at the time, all of them paid a premium." Petrolia officials, for their part, refused to comment on the new investigation last week.

Some of Carney's political opponents declared that the inquiry was the first step in the government's plan to privatize Petro-Canada. Said opposition critic Ian Waddell: "I am warning the Canadian people that this is just the beginning of a move to get rid of Petro-Canada, and in my view that would be a disaster." But Carney dismissed those charges. Declared the minister as she headed into a cabinet meeting: "It is a first step in making Petro-Canada accountable." —TIMOTHY HARRIS, with Patricia Dent in Toronto.

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BUSINESS NOTES

OPEC's stopgap accord



Tarant, awaiting winner

Threatened with the imminent crash of world oil prices, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries succeeded in settling its internal rivalries last week. At an emergency meeting in Geneva, Saudi oil minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani won agreement for an immediate overall cut in production to 16 million barrels a day from 17.5. The oil ministers were counting on the reduction to jump up the price in the world market before winter and offset last month's price collapse. Norway and Britain—non-OPEC countries—and OPEC member Nigeria, that nation's special interest in the production cut as a stopgap measure. "Cutting back production is not really addressing the problem at all," declared Carol Progress, chief oil analyst with the Scottish stockbroker firm Wood, MacKenzie Co. "What we need now is to bring the market prices closer to market reality."

Leaks in a safety net

The Canada Deposit Insurance Corp (CDIC)—a federal agency that insures the public's money in 127 major financial institutions—is now facing a serious financing crisis of its own. Supported by annual payments from member institutions, the CDIC is required to have enough cash on hand to refund depositors if a bank or trust company collapses. But in the past 12 months the corp's cash supply has dwindled to a deficit of \$558 million from a surplus of \$550 million. The major cause of that reversal was the Ontario and federal governments' seizure in January, 1982, of five Ontario trust and mortgage firms that helped finance the controversial sale of nearly 15,000 Toronto apartments in 1982. Regulators alleged that the trust firms surpassed their legal lending limits in the transaction. After the seizure the CDIC was forced to meet individual depositors' claims of as much as \$60,000—a duty that will cost the agency nearly \$650 million. To help alleviate its shortfall, the CDIC may have to increase the payments from member institutions. But the banks, which already pay about \$37 million annually to the insurance fund, oppose the idea. They are also alarmed because the corp is studying another option—diverting of the interest on the \$2.5 billion it reserves that the banks must maintain at the Bank of Canada. The banks, said Robert Holmbeck, president of the Canadian Bankers' Association, should not be asked "to pick up the tab for the size of the irresponsible financial institutions." The bankers' solution would cost them little directly: They propose that the government reduce the deficit by using taxpayers' money.

Not jobless enough

Unemployed Calgary carpenter Robert Kelly, 37, said that he is angry and impatient about the slow work-ups of Employment Canada. Kelly, who has worked a total of four months during the past two years, exhausted his unemployment insurance benefits in November, 1982. But when he recently applied for a \$208-a-week carpenter job posted at a Canada Employment Centre, he was told that he was ineligible because he was not receiving unemployment insurance

An official explained that the job was a Canada Works project and under Section 38 of the Unemployment Insurance Act only people receiving benefits were eligible. Declared the father of two, "I felt better. I am worse off than people who are collecting it. I am faced with either rubbing a bank or going on welfare." It was little consolation to Kelly that Federal Employment Minister Flora MacDonald recently approved \$4.7 million in funds for the regular service of Canada Works projects in the province of Alberta. Last week he had in settle for a 30-day-hour temporary job extending office furniture.

A new Soviet invasion

Consumers in the United States will soon be asked to choose between their anti-Communist sentiments and their desire for a good bargain. In the past decade, Soviet Communist cars such as the Soviet-made Lada—now called Signet—and the Czechoslovakian-made Skoda have gained a foothold in the Canadian market, but next year several entrepreneurs plan to sell cars imported from Soviet bloc nations to much more politically sensitive U.S. buyers. In April, 1983, Malcom Strickland, the man whose popular golf-wear shop opened in the Brickville, failed to make the public's imagination in Canada a decade ago, plans to begin selling the Yugo '83, a mini-compact automobile as plain and sensibly priced as his sports car was sleek and expensive. The Yugo—made in Yugoslavia and priced at \$4,000 (U.S.)—will compete with other new imports: the Skoda, which has been sold in Canada since September, 1982 (current list price, \$3,999) and the \$2,400 Lada. Peter Dennis, the Canadian importer of the Lada, who says that he is considering expanding his market southward, admits that there are perceptual problems. "Politically the vehicle is sensitive," he noted. John Humphill, vice-president of J.D. Power & Associates—an American market research firm that tested consumer reaction to the Yugo in Chicago last summer—agrees that the modest cost of Communist-made cars will probably overcome political considerations. "At this price," he said, "if you call them anything but Politburo, they are going to sell."

A gunslinger takes over



Kasser's first-hand picture

Edgar F. Kasser Jr., the new chairman of the financially troubled Bank of British Columbia, furnished his reputation as a corporate gunslinger last week by announcing a complex restructuring package at the Vancouver-based bank after only 31st weeks on the job. The 40-year-old former oil magnate said that it took him just three days to examine the bank's books and a week to complete his initial plans.

Among them: a \$60 million common share issue to the public and the sale—at half their listed value—of the bank's unprofitable real estate loans to private investors. In total, the overhaul will increase the bank's equity by more than \$100 million. The bank reported a net loss of \$1.36 million for the nine months ended July 31, 1982, down from \$9 million last year, mostly because of bad loans made in properties in the ailing British Columbia and Alberta real estate markets. But many investors predicted that Kasser's plan will reverse that slide.

The company 'hit man'

By Peter C. Newman

Every day just after noon, Dr. Peter Campbell, president and chief executive officer of Wood Gundy Corp., leaves his Wall Street office, climbs into his armored Cadillac and asks Gila, the North Carolina-born cocktail-mixing waitress in his dining room, to take him to Christ Gella. This ecclesiastically named restaurant at East 40th is a popular hangout for the big hitters who survived the market-inspired slaughter that has devastated the U.S. investment industry in the past year or so. Over his favorite drink (double Chivas on the rocks), Campbell recently told me why he expects his New York branch operation of Canada's Wood Gundy Ltd. to grow so fast that before the 1980s are over, the parent firm will be earning only a sliver of its profits in Canada. "We're on a roll," he says, over the rim of his glass. "We're expanding exponentially—and it's a super environment to do it in because the industry is disintegrating all around us."

Wood Gundy has run a New York office since 1918 but it was something of a marginal outpost until last year, when Campbell, 48, moved in. An astonishing 35 per cent of the firm's capital has since been committed for Wood Gundy's expansion in the United States. Five branch offices have already been opened, and more are planned in Atlanta, Chicago, Cleveland, Houston and Los Angeles. "When I came down here," Campbell explains, "I first got to know everybody, then I dispatched all the empty helmets—about a third of the existing staff. We are now doubling the size of our New York staff and will be doubling our business every year from now on."

Campbell's personnel recruiting efforts have become legend on Wall Street, partly because he has managed to attract some of the Street's most influential traders, and partly because of his astute choice of interviewing technique. He spends money on evening fittings before the prime dining rooms of a few New York restaurants, including a steak house in Brooklyn in a neighborhood so tough that the doorman always stands outside and there is a massive trucker parked across the entrance to deliver machine-gun bullets that might be aimed at departing patrons. Campbell meets his recruits at each location for a long interview, then, moving on to his next call, leaves them to be vetted and briefed by his associates.

Campbell is planning to model his institutional operations on the investment-broker Goldman, Sachs & Co. of New York, and his equity and fixed-income business on A.G. Edwards & Sons Inc., an investment house in St. Louis. He is moving the firm strongly into real estate brokerage, syndicate participation and the distribution of bonds by Canadian provinces "to stay



Campbell rolled up shirt sleeves

don't have to go to First Boston all the time."

The approach is more than a little unorthodox for an investment house which, in the past, has earned and deserved its reputation as much for shrewdness as integrity. Campbell is solidly entrenched within Wood Gundy as one of the few partners who hold equity in the firm. "I'm a real trader," he says. "I've got lots of guts and I'm blessed by being a good people picker. I am a Gundy man through and through, but as the executive floor I'm known as the company's hit man."

When Campbell was being moved around various Wood Gundy divisions in Toronto, turning their bottom lines from red to black, he broke the tradi-

tionary pattern so often that the Investment Dealers Association of Canada had to change its rules three times to accommodate his novel methods. He was moved into nearly every tricky situation going, and at one point was confronting between Saudi Arabia, Tokyo and Zurich taking care of the sudden flood of Muradallah's trading with the once-inspired revolution of the world's money markets.

Campbell's background is as unusual as his methods. A 1959 gold medalist in economics at the University of Toronto, his first job was as a code-breaker for the communications branch of the National Research Council in Ottawa—then Canada's equivalent of the Central Intelligence Agency. He learned Russian well enough to monitor the inter-bank communications between barge captains on the Volga River, and helped perpetrate some dirty tricks at the height of the Cold War, which he still won't discuss. Planning to become an academic economist, he went back to university, got in a solid apprenticeship at the Bank of Canada, and in 1961 joined Wood Gundy as a clerk in the bond cage. Except for a stint at the London School of Economics (where he earned a doctorate on the theory of money markets), he has been with the company ever since.

At the moment, Campbell is applying his heretical notions in a New York environment, where they don't seem nearly so outrageous. He works in his shirt sleeves right at the trading floor, refusing to have either an office or a secretary, and is determined to become one of the Street's major players.

But the highlight of his routine is his daily lunch at Christ Gella. He was reportedly talking up a few meetings he described as "the number 1 international trader in America" when he was called away to the phone. "The phone bell went off in my mind," he recalls, "because people don't phone me. Everybody's delighted. If a guy can't handle his job he shouldn't have it. So I'm nervous, but I go into the kitchen to grab the phone. It's my wife and it starts turn out to be a minor error. I'm so disturbed that I drop my cigar into a soup pot. I fish it out after I hang up, wipe it off and light it up again. No one's seen me. I go back to my roomer table and tell my secret story." The soup of the day had Campbell's cigar in it. "But the number 1 international trader in America doesn't bet an eye. 'Don't worry,' is all he says. 'None of us ordered soup.'"



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NISSAN



Arkfeld (above); Marshall (below): a resurgence of Vancouver art in the face of economic misery

ART

New waves of West Coast creativity

By Mark Budgen

The art scene in Vancouver has two distinct fantasies. The work of established artists resides in the western corridors of the Vancouver Art Gallery (1961), a 1963 extension of a 1961 northwest. But relatively unknown, innovative artists flamboyantly proclaim themselves in small commercial galleries and even on the streets. On a wall only a block away from the 1963, Tomas Arkfeld, 23, who signs his work "Pablo Pansa," has spray-painted the figures of red men standing and looting against a baroque backdrop of sky, clouds and grass. Unconventional, brush and deflected, Arkfeld is typical of the young Vancouver artists seeking public attention. Because few of their works appear in the gallery, the artists have mounted a huge showcase of their own on eight floors of an old downtown commercial building: The Warehouse Show, which opened last week, features 400 works by 200 different artists and is a testament to the vitality and commitment of Vancouver's artistic community.

The artist-run Warehouse Show is the centerpiece of Art City 84, a month-long celebration of visual and musical arts, held at 21 locations throughout the city. The festival signals a resurgence of the Vancouver art scene, which flourished in the late 1960s when the VAC helped promote local experimental artists but which has remained unhealed for most of the past decade. Much of the new art in public and often anonymous corners of downtown walls have staved or spray-painted art. But there are also tangible signs of a Vancouver art boom. Since January, 19 new art galleries have opened. In September an artist-published magazine, *Form*, oriented to the first anniversary. And individual artists are finally achieving commercial success: painter Richard Hamilton could not sell a piece for \$100 in Vancouver two years ago but he now commands \$12,000 a canvas in New York. Saul Alvis Bakland, an independent curator and writer who has been part of the West Coast art scene for 20 years: "It is nothing but healthy, and the amazing thing is that these young artists are continuing to come up all the time despite the

economic misery we are enduring. This sort of spirit has never existed before." By contrast, the gallery has not fulfilled the promise that accompanied its move to the courthouse. Despite a membership drive which attracted 15,000 new members and the success of its inaugural show, *Vancouver Art and Artists 1971-1982*, the gallery's first year in the new building was mixed in retrospect. Director Luke Roskoff, exiled video artist Paul Wong's work, *Confused/Scared View*, just three days before it was due to open. Wong last his attempt to get a court injunction to force the gallery to show the videotapes of people talking about their country but he is still pursuing a civil suit. Then, in January the gallery's employees struck over wages. Although the strike lasted only one day, it symbolized the rift between Roskoff and his staff.

Last summer Roskoff resigned to take a job as art co-ordinator at Expo 86, and the trustees recommended Terry Fenton, an economist. The trustees turned to a committee from the art community

for its opinion, but the committee harshly criticized the choice of Fenton, saying that his philosophy and approach to art was too limited for the job. When Fenton and the trustees could not come to terms last month, the board appointed Jo Anne Burris Bowler, the senior curator, as acting director. Board president Robert Brodie said that the trustees' search committee will now launch a worldwide hunt for a new di-

rected commercial galleries willing to promote and show local work, the artists have begun to take matters into their own hands by opening up small-budget, artist-run galleries. Susan Frenn University art student Kevin Campbell and a partner opened the (Non) Commercial Gallery on Commercial Drive three months ago and have shows booked until March, 1985. By charging artists a minimal rental fee for a two-

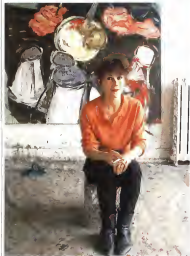
week show, they almost break even. Saul Campbell: "Our aim is not to make money but to serve as a space for artists who have a crying need for space."

The new kind of galleries are selling a new kind of art. Stephens represents Charles, a multimedia artist who is best known for what he calls his "illegal street art." Painting on the city's building walls has become a favored way of giving public attention for the creative energy that would otherwise have to be confined to little-known galleries. Charles' abstract spray paintings and pungently based stenciled messages, including *Spend Your Savings* and *Immanent Victim*, have resulted in two charges of public mischief against him in Toronto.

Ulfie Clarke, Arkfeld says he does not believe in the "outlaw artist image." But feeling depressed earlier this year about creating work that nobody was looking at, he too decided to use the city's laws, have walls for canvases. His fantasy figures are the lighter side of his studio work, which is more seriously spiritual and interprets traditional religious scenes and imagery.

Some Vancouver artists do have commercial galleries promoting their work. Gallery owner Denise Perry represents two of the most talented young artists Vicky Marshall, who was a National Magazine Award this year for her first and only attempt at illustration for *Vancouver Magazine*, and Phillip Russell, a young French immigrant who trained in Paris. Marshall's abstract paintings depict dark characters and Vancouver street life in a starkly distorted, decadently garish style. She has recently changed her style because she says she found her treatments of those scenes becoming "pretty useless, too blatant, too voyeuristic." Concentrating more on composition, her subject matter is now more positive, more tranquil.

Because of such creative visions, Vancouver is producing many more good art works than the local market can absorb. As a result, more and more of the city's artists are likely to start their own galleries or even take to the streets. Saul Jack Shadoff, the 70-year-old painter who is the city's most famous artistic mentor and whose work from the past decade is on display this week in his fourth in a row gallery exhibition, "You are art everywhere — in offices, public buildings, in the streets. That is a big factor in getting the consciousness of art into the community, making people feel at ease in talking about it and acquiring it." Although the young Vancouver artists have many ways to go to reach Shadoff's presence, it is clear that most Vancouverians will be able to avoid the writing on the wall. ☐



creator, a move that many observers felt the board should have made last summer.

The wall's lack of an acquisition policy to spend the money it is coming from its \$4-million endowment fund is another source of antagonism for local artists before Roskoff's departure, he prevented the trustees with an acquisition policy but, and Brodie, "We did not feel it appropriate to adopt one until a permanent museum has been chosen."

With only a few of the city's estab-

lished commercial galleries willing to promote and show local work, the artists have begun to take matters into their own hands by opening up small-budget, artist-run galleries. Susan Frenn University art student Kevin Campbell and a partner opened the (Non) Commercial Gallery on Commercial Drive three months ago and have shows booked until March, 1985. By charging artists a minimal rental fee for a two-

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Baby Pac's controversial transplant, but to doctors the baboon heart is just a pump

MEDICINE

A baby's second chance

By Pat Orlendorf

In an obscure California hospital, attended by a pediatric physician, an anonymous baby lay last week peacefully drinking from her bottle. The infant, known only as "Baby Pac," was oblivious to the jangling of telephones and the hurried scurried gowns underneath through which scores of her evolution spread around the world. She was also carefully unaware of the picketers outside who wished that the surgery that prolonged her life had never occurred. Ever since the stunning Oct. 26 operation, the baboon's heart that beat in Baby Pac's chest had continued to improve her health and fuel controversy. Some hailed the transplant as a potentially promising way to alleviate a severe shortage of human organ donations. Others berated the hospital, faulting the heart surgeon, Dr. Leonard Bailey. "The moral and ethical repercussions could offset any gains."

During the first week of Baby Pac's renewed life, her dramatically improving health provided powerful testimony in favor of transplantation between species. Infants like Pac, born with a fatal underdevelopment of the left side of the heart, usually die within a few days or weeks of birth. Convinced that the baby would not survive a probably fruitless search for a suitable human organ, pediatric cardiac surgeon Dr. Leonard Bailey and his team at Loma Linda University Medical Center acted swiftly. Choosing from among the assembled number of animals in the hospital's baboon colony, they isolated one whose

heart best matched their patient's in size, tissue and immunological characteristics. Because baboon and human hearts are so similar, the free-flow operation was no more difficult than a conventional heart transplant.

Only two days later, hospital staff fed bottle-feeding Pac and took her off the respirator. After two more days she had lived longer than the South African anaesthetist to whom Dr. Christian Barnard had given a chimpanzee heart in 1977. Deafened hospital spokesman Carolyn Hamilton: "Baby Pac is the healthiest she has been since she was born."

In large part, Pac's initial success was due to the powerful antirejection drug cyclosporin-A, which became available only in 1980. Indeed, by week's end Pac had shown no signs of the rejection crisis that often strikes a week after transplantation. But doctors cautioned that they cannot predict how the infant's body will react. Speculated Bailey: "As a newborn, Baby Pac's immunological system is still developing so she may well be more capable than an adult of resisting rejection." He added that his experiments with goats and lambs indicate that the baboon heart may mature to a larger, human size. The team is also hoping that Pac's heart—continually flushed by human blood—will last much longer than the average 30 years it would serve a baboon.

As for concerns about whether Pac and future patients might suffer psychological damage with their lives sustained by baboon hearts, Dr. William DeVries, the surgeon responsible for

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last year's dramatic implant of an artificial heart in Seattle dentist Basseg Clark, said he doubted that would occur. He said that it is more important to establish whether the procedure's benefits outweigh its risks. Bailey agrees. Whether Far lives or not, he plans to perform four more balloon-to-human adult heart transplants to evaluate the procedure's feasibility.

Despite congratulations for the success of the operation, controversy over an ethical implication arose swiftly. The most vociferous protests came from animal rights activists. Said John Walsh, Western Hemisphere regional director of the World Society for the Protection of Animals: "We are dismayed that the research team did not attempt to preserve a human heart through one of the organ stores."

In his only conversation with the press since he implanted the heart, Dr. Bailey confirmed that his team did not seek out a suitable human organ for Baby Far but instead selected the pig's heart to test the procedure. Spokesmen at the hospital later added that the baby could not have waited for the necessary tests to determine suitability of a human organ, and pointed out that early reports that an infant heart was available before the operation were false. They said that the human organ, which became available during the operation, would have been too large for the prematurely born, two-week-old Far. At week's end they promised that the hospital would attempt to separate a human heart of the infant's body eventually rejects the animal organ.

Criticism from the medical community focused on the morality of using a human subject in a highly experimental procedure. Heartstop's Gaylor said the compatibility between tissues of a primate and a human being is underestimated. "For his part," Dr. Calvin Steiner, chief of the Multi-Organ Transplant Service at University Hospital in London, Ont., expressed concern that the operation might encourage medical personnel to shift their attention away from improving availability of transplantable human organs. Said Steiner: "To abandon what we know to be a reasonable solution and to go to one that is questionable biologically and of considerable ethical concern seems to me to be acting on hope and without due caution."

As for Far's parents, hospital spokesmen said they dismissed the criticism. And as the infant's post-operative condition steadily improved, Loma Linda medical scientists maintained that they had acted in the best interests of their desperately ill patient. Said Dr. David Broshaw, professor of surgery at Loma Linda: "A heart is just a pump—no matter where it comes from." □

ENVIRONMENT

A threat to safe water

For the 4.5 million Canadians who take their drinking water from Lake Ontario, reports that toxic wastes are leaking into the lake's main source, the Niagara River, are nothing new. Since the 1978 revelation that an entire neighbourhood in Niagara Falls, N.Y.—Love Canal—had been poisoned by toxic waste, ensuing reported chromosome damage and birth defects among residents, Ontarians have been shocked by continual reports of industrial waste leaks that threaten their water supply. Although provincial and local authorities denied the claims, the

province (that) the chemicals because so diluted once they reached the lake that water supplies in lake-side communities are not endangered. Said Brundt: "If there was a spraying disaster, even in the preliminary report, I can tell you it would be releasing it now. I would not wait until the final report was proved."

The preliminary report spoke out 80 remedial measures that will probably be included as recommendations in the final document, which is due in May. If Among them are calls for New York State to tighten its requirements for permits to discharge toxic waste and for the United States to investigate the underground migration of hazardous wastes at all sites that the Niagara drainage basin. Two Canadian recommendations, one to establish an audit of toxic pollution into Lake Ontario as a guide for non-toxic and one to set up an experimental "allocation" to limit toxic discharges, were rejected by the U.S. members of the committee.

The publication of the findings closely followed another unpublished release earlier in the week of an internal EPA report that said a modern disposal site in Niagara Falls, N.Y., so which the agencies have moved toxic wastes from Love Canal and other waste dumps, may still be leaking. An EPA spokesman earlier

framed that as irrelevant. Based in 1981, identified the toxic chemicals leaking (DCEs, pesticides, mercury and lead among the toxic substances present in the river and in fish and fish-eating birds. The study pinpointed 65 sources of the pollution, including waste dumps, sewage treatment facilities and chemical plants and said 90 per cent of the contaminants originated on the U.S. side of the river. It also found that sources of toxicants—especially chemical waste dumps—"are not being dealt with as speedily as possible" and singled out Niagara Falls, N.Y., as "the area of most concern."

Confronted with the findings, Ontario Environment Minister Andrew Brown noted that the report was only a draft and cautioned against overreaction. He

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A small town's nightmare

By Andrew Nikiforak

Residents of Jordan, Minn., yearn for times when their town's reputation rested comfortably on its proud German heritage, its four churches and its state champion high-school football team. But in the past year the Midwestern community of 3,000, 50 km south of Minneapolis on Interstate Highway 360, has gained a decidedly unseemly notoriety. During an eight-month period which began in Oct. 1, 1983, police charged 55 adults with hundreds of counts of sexual abuse against more than 10 children between the ages of 2 and 17. Then, the already apprehensive citizenry became openly angry last Oct. 15 when the local district attorney announced that he was withdrawing all the outstanding charges to avoid compromising an even more important investigation. Since then agents from the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) have been checking statements, which some of the allegedly abused children had made, that members of a pornography ring had first



Humphrey: a troubled community

filmed and photographed these runaway children (6 voices were used) and then killed them. Ralph Dean Johnson, deputy police chief of the town's non-member force "I can't say if we have seen the worst yet."

Jordan's nightmare began when police arrested James Reid, 29, a local garage builder, and charged him with sexually abusing two girls aged 9 and 16. Police then questioned more children who related graphic accounts of incest, rape, sodomy and hostility which they said groups of adults and children had staged in the previous year. As a result, police began arresting several of Reid's friends and relatives, some of whom lived in the same trailer park. Over the next eight months the authorities laid charges against 12 men and 12 women, among them a deputy sheriff and a security tax assessor. All denied the charges except Reid, who has been awaiting sentencing since he confessed last August to abusing at least five children while working as a baby sitter. In a 112-page statement, he admitted that he had taken the children on excursions, given them candy or money and evaluated them at will. The first case to come to trial last September ended in acquittal for sake partner Robert Beitz, 36, and his wife, Lois, 33.

Pending possible federal charges which could arise out of the sex

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investigation, the 22 Jordan residents against whom local charges were dropped are bitter that their reputations remain in limbo. They are also angry because they must now appear in family court to regain custody of children whom state officials took from them when police laid the charges. For their part, other townspeople face the disturbing prospect that some of their neighbors may not only be child molesters, but felons as well. Said Paul Pava, a 35-year-old teacher and father of a 10-year-old boy: "How come these people are getting off? How

can children be about that?" The situation is further complicated by the fact that despite the children's allegations of murder and manslaughter, police have found no bodies, and there have not been any reports of missing children in Jordan and surrounding Scott County. Said Verne Voss, a Lutheran minister who has four former defendants among his 200 parishioners: "This is so complex. There are a million threads that have to be unraveled." The handling of the case itself is a source of controversy. Kathleen Morris,

the prosecutor who withdrew the charges against the 22 accused, recently headed one of the continuing investigations of child abuse in Jordan to Hubert Humphrey St., Minneapolis, attorney general and one of the late Democratic vice-presidents. But some townspeople are demanding to know why it took more than one year to begin the search for a child pornography ring allegedly involving some of the non-accused parents. Declared real estate agent Anna Snyder: "At first we felt that she had not dropped the charges because she did not have enough evidence. Then, when more started coming out about a porno ring and murders, and when we read the interviews with children, I think we assumed that something was there." For their part, defense lawyers have questioned the murder allegations and generally cast doubt on the reliability of the children as witnesses, noting that jurors acquitted the Bothers because they said they could not believe the children's testimony.

Certainly, the allegations are both sensational and disturbing. The children say that groups of adults forced them to play games of hide-and-seek in which naked men and women abused the children for sex. Some also say they were forced to watch the mutilation of animals and to act as guards and genital masturbators. Others have related stories of performing sex with dogs and cats. One 15-year-old boy told police that early in 1985, Paul had taken him to a house where adults had gathered with 12 other children. There, the boy said, Paul performed sex and sex acts with him, and the adults forced him to have sex with a little girl while they referred to the children as "boys" and photographed them. "They just called everybody honey or child," the boy said. "They were crazy."

Of all the Jordan residents who remain under a cloud of suspicion, probably none has suffered more than Donald Buchan. On June 5 last he and his wife were charged with 16 counts of sexual misconduct involving four children, two of them their own. Deputy Sheriff Buchan, 27, says he and his 27-year-old wife, Cindy, were victims of a witch-hunt, fueled by overzealous investigators who manipulated children to distort the truth. On the day of their arrest state social workers seized all three of the Buchans' children, a son and two daughters ranging from 2 to 5, and placed them in foster homes. Although their two-year-old son was returned last week, they have not seen their daughters. Said Buchan, seeking a widespread settlement in Jordan: "We really feel cheated. With all the discussion, we don't know who is guilty, who is innocent—and who in the judicial system screwed it all up." □

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ANTHROPOLOGY

Another coup for Leakey

Since 1968 anthropologist Richard Leakey has gathered what he describes as "an extraordinary collection of fossils" on the shores of Lake Turkana in northern Kenya. In 1970 he discovered a skull which he inferred to him that man's ancestors were at least 25 million years old. Then, late last month, in Nairobi, the famed anthropologist announced that on Aug. 30 he had found, on the western side of the lake, the first relatively complete skeleton of a precursor to modern man—a 12-year-old male who died 1.6 million years ago.

The 50 pieces of fossilized bone—the skeleton is missing only its left arm, its lower right arm and most of both its feet—represented a stunning discovery for scientists accustomed to piecing together fragments of scattered fragments. For one thing, the teeth provided them with evidence of the boy's age. Leakey says that the completeness of the *Homo erectus* skeleton has already yielded unprecedented insights into the physical nature of prehumans. And Leakey: "Scientists have generally assumed that early humans were smaller than we are today. This specimen confirms earlier hints that *Homo erectus* individuals were, in fact, fully as tall as modern people." He added that the "stripping young male" was about five feet, four inches tall and weighed about 140 lb. "We have always thought of *Homo erectus* traditionally as a rather peevish individual," said Leakey, "but if modern people are anything to go by, this individual would have grown to something like our size."

Indeed, the skeleton bore a close resemblance to modern man. After studying the bones, the joint team of researchers from Kenya's National Museums and Johns Hopkins University Medical School in Baltimore, Md., found that there were differences apart from a primitively shaped skull and jawbone. But some mystery still surrounds the find because no one knows precisely how the youth died—even though animals trampled the body, breaking some of the bones but pushing them onto the soil that preserved them. The shores of the remote African lake likely hold many more clues to man's early beginnings, and Leakey says he plans to revisit the site next year in his continuing campaign to forge stronger links between the present and the past.

—RICHARD BUCK

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HEALTH

A questionable lifesaver

For centuries doctors and lay people used crude techniques such as rolling people over barrels in desperate efforts to revive victims of cardiac arrest. But it was not until the 1960s that health authorities began promoting cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR)—which combines heart massage with artificial respiration—as a lifesaving technique for the general population to use. Since then, at least five Canadian agencies, including the Canadian Heart Foundation and the Red Cross Society, have trained roughly 500,000 Canadians in CPR. But some doctors have begun to raise questions about the effectiveness of CPR techniques.

In the Sept. 1 Canadian Medical Association Journal, Dr. W. Arnold Tweed of the University Hospital in London, Ont., for one, charged that there is no evidence to prove that the technique saves lives. Tweed told *Medicine*’s “There is a lot of complacency about CPR skills teaching. It is time and effort wasted.” In the article Tweed and coauthor Elmer Wilson, a registered nurse and former director of education for the Manitoba Heart Foundation, cited studies that showed that most lay people soon forget the skills they learned in CPR courses. Declared Tweed, “It is striking how quickly they forget. Ask them to perform six months later and most of them can’t.” One U.S. study found that only 30 per cent of people who had taken a CPR course demonstrated “a minimal standard of acceptable performance” three months later. But Tweed pointed out that retaining people with CPR skills every few months would be “logistically ridiculous.”

The authors of the article, titled “Is CPR on the right track?,” admitted that the survival rates of victims of cardiac arrest are increased five to five times when trained bystanders attempted CPR before the arrival of emergency personnel. But their analysis of CPR-related studies indicated that the technique itself was not responsible for either the decrease in hospital deaths or the hastened recovery of heart attack victims. Tweed noted that the improved survival rates occur only when CPR performed by a bystander coincides with a quick response by emergency medical crews. Added Tweed, “When the response time was more than five minutes, the rate of survival with or without bystander-initiated CPR was about the same.”

Tweed and Wilson say they believe the real key to the success of CPR courses is that trained bystanders are

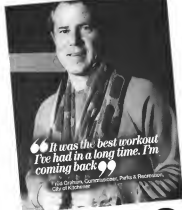
quicker to summon help. Declared Tweed, “The important factor of citizens’ courses, which appear to improve the quality of emergency care, is the information they impart—the signals and actions of a heart attack, how to respond and how to summon a local ambulance.”

Although the article has caused controversy among health authorities, many of them agree with its emphasis on reporting information. Barbara Hunt-Dickson, CPR program co-ordinator for southern Alberta, distributed Tweed’s paper at a recent resuscitation workshop for CPR instructors. Said Hunt-Dickson “Instructors have a lot of mixed feeling about it, but it is one of the best articles that has ever come out. It says that CPR is only part of the link, and that is what we have always taught.” Hunt-Dickson said she was aware that CPR graduates rarely retain their

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skills but felt the training still has value. She added, "We are not going to diverge the skills part of our training because we are not sure that CPR doesn't help—even if it is done poorly."

Marie Lacroix, CPR co-ordinator for St. John Ambulance, which taught CPR to 35,000 people last year, expressed a similar view. She added that although her organization has yet to respond officially to the paper, she personally favors emphasizing heart attack prevention and knowledge of emergency procedures over exact performance of skills. Said Lacroix, "It is far more important for someone to be able to recognize a heart attack in progress."

For his part, Tweed, a 10-year veteran of CPR training programs and a member of the Canadian Heart Foundation committee that sets CPR standards, still favors teaching the skills, despite his reservations about their effectiveness. Added Tweed, "I would not discourage any group from holding citizen CPR courses, but it is important that they look carefully at what they are trying to accomplish." But as a more effective means of saving the lives of people who experience heart attacks, he favors basic improvements in the techniques that ambulance crews can use on victims.

Training of Canadian ambulance crews varies from basic first aid to Brit-



novates CPR training's doubtful value

ish Columbia's nine-month advanced paramedic course. But Tweed said that no ambulance crew in Canada is currently equipped or trained to offer the most effective aid for victims of cardiac arrest. He said that 80 per cent of cardiac arrests which occur outside hospitals result from ventricular fibrillation, a disturbance of the heart rhythm that ambulance crews could easily learn to recognize and treat with electrical shock. And, although most attendees lack what Tweed called "that simple ability," he said that graduates of the country's four paramedic schools acquire necessary knowledge and skills. Added Tweed, "We would get a far better return for our money if a lot of ambulance crews had the simple skills they can learn quickly rather than a small number of them in urban centres having very complex skills."

Although Tweed says that the reforms he recommends would not be expensive, the difficulty of achieving them is complicated because of the decentralized organization of Canadian ambulance services, which are operated by provinces, municipalities and individual hospitals. For the time being, citizen CPR training remains the best large-scale solution to the problem of cardiac arrest—despite its well-documented drawbacks.

—JULIANNE ZARUMIN in Calgary

BOOKS

Murderous fun in the sun

TOURISTS

By Richard B. Wright
(Montreal of Canada,
286 pages, \$18.95)

Like most fictional murderers, Philip Bannister, the protagonist of Richard Wright's letter-mystery, *Tourists*, seems an unlikely candidate for the part. When Mexican authorities apprehend him at the gates of the Coahuila airport boarding lounge, the homebound Canadian school-teacher freely confesses to the killing of his wife, the former Joan Tesby, and a disgraced Nebraska couple, Ted and Corby Haskler. He tells the Mexicans that he regrets his actions, still, in making his defense he regards himself as a man provoked beyond the limits of human endurance. Like Wright's other heroes, Bannister constructs elaborate evasions in response to the absurd demands the world places upon the middle-aged, middle-class male. His self-justification is so convincing that by the time he dispenses with the bawling Ted, brawling Joan and wholesome Corby, the

reader is almost begging to help him.

Wright's tale is a witty variation on a threadbare scenario: Bannister's Mexican destination is one of those places where the travel brochures promise that attractions will peel off like gelatin. *Tourists* traces a stand-byobserver's waddling around the murky bowens of southern Mexico, less expectedly, Wright's genial, fussy Bannister delivers a hymn of praise to the value of repression, clinging patently to such Victorian principles as fair play, gentility and prudence. He cherishes classic pleasures which include a "bouncing good girl," the *Reps' Own Annual* rumormongers of the private school where he teaches and the absorbing artifice of the gaudy games he plays with his aged sons.

Bannister does just his three companions in a lull-time beachhead hours before

he separates his cross, still, it is not the discovery of a dark, criminal self that drives him to murder, but a righteous hatred of Ted Haskler, an American who aggressively befriends him in a hotel bar. Shifting psychopathically between boyish innocence and amoralistic viciousness, Haskler alternately threatens, abuses and begs the bewildered Bannister for affection. The relationship turns *Tourists* into a political allegory: ugly American vs. grim, ineffective Canadian.

Despite an initial, ham-handed flirtation with fate and overly cute generic names (the El Gringo Hotel, the El Gringo Hotel, the El Gringo Hotel, the El Gringo Hotel), *Tourists* is an angry book. Superficially formal, Bannister's voice quivers with outrage. His companions constitute an anxious enough gallery of grotesques, but Bannister, purged of all love and attachment, is too fixated to engage the

reader. Like his heroes, Wright in *Tourists* appears to be evading the implications of his perceptions. *Tourists* is permeated by nostalgia, not for a vanished civility but for the safe certainties of the currency.

—HEATHER HENDERSON



Wright, a bitter comedy

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BOOKS

Seeds of an epic harvest

THE WAR OF THE END OF THE WORLD

By Mario Vargas Llosa
Translated by Helen R. Lowe
(Collins, 266 pages, \$26.95)

Mario Vargas Llosa says he believes that there has never been a better century in which to practise the storyteller's art. "Fiction," the Peruvian novelist wrote in a recent issue of *The New York Times*, "is an art of novices in which faith is an ongoing quest, a sort of crisis, in which it is necessary to believe in something, in which the unknown, the unending and absolute vision has been supplanted by a shattered one." In his unbroken but flawed new novel, Vargas Llosa has performed the marvellous feat of matching theory to practice. He has invented an epic of shattered visions and crises of faith from Brazil's rebellion in 1893, when the peasants rose up against the newly established progressive republic. They had approved of the previous monarch because he abolished slavery, but the republic had invented a new form of slavery: mass.

To Vargas Llosa's central, messianic figure of the Counselor, the imposition of taxes is the signal that the prophetic anarchist "was abused in the world, his cause was hopeless." He declares war on evil by ripping up the republic's new tax decrees, then leads his rag-tag band of followers to an outpost called Canasvieiras. Peasant refugees stream to him and under his guidance they build a community in which property is communal and marriage a sacrament of love, not ownership. Dreamed to their holiday beat—"death is a festa for the poor men," the Counselor tells them—the people defeat three republican armies. In the end, the uprising of Canasvieiras becomes a kind of war of the end of the world: 30,000 starving peasants against the starving 20th century.

Vargas Llosa supports neither side in that war. Most readers' sympathies will fly to the breakers, saints and criminals drawn to the Counselor but not to the Counselor's version of religion. His faith is nihilistic: it rests on doing a good death rather than living a good life. Vargas Llosa sees Canasvieiras and all the ideological responses to it as equally flawed, from the republican politicians who at first think they can join the uprising as a makeshift plot to a revolutionary Sorteman, Galileo Gall, who believes it is the untethered rise of the masses he has always longed for, to a

nameless "near-sighted journalist" who seems to think that Canasvieiras may be the scene of the Second Coming.

In that orgy of characters and viewpoints lies the novel's major flaw. Vargas Llosa gives readers too much background: the opening flow of narrative stops dead time and again to indulge in

trives of the sacred-style portraits of each important follower of the Counselor. The novel jolts to vivid life only when the characters step out of character and into action—as when the rational, idealistic and exuberant Gall discovers passion when he meets a young woman. A slimmer, more compelling novel sometimes lifts us head out of Vargas Llosa's baffling historical leviathan, one in which he enters not to warning ideologies but to the only warning: when that fiction reveals there is a belief in the power of creating other people's lives.

—ADRIE COLLINS

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BOOKS

The cat and Noah's ark

NOT WANTED ON THE VOYAGE

By Fremont Findley
(Penguin, 252 pages, \$16.95)

Twenty Findley's audacity seems to grow with his every novel. But the sheer bravado of *Not Wanted on the Voyage* is unmatched. The novel's large cast includes the archangel Michael, the fallen angel Lucifer, and even God himself. Not surprisingly, Findley's rough exodus has grasp What is surprising—and endearing—is that the book's most original and lovable character is Metty, an elderly cat.

Metty, a scruffy old tabby with a marvelous sense of reticence, belongs to Mrs. Noyes, who, in turn, belongs to her vengeful and hypocritical husband, the man whom God is fabled enough to spare when he washes away the rest of the world. *Not Wanted on the Voyage* is a witty, moving retelling of one of the most famous biblical stories, Noah's ark, with Noyes as Noah take the medieval playwrights who adapted scriptural tales to convey contemporary messages. Findley establishes parallels between his own world and the mythical past. He writes with grief and protest about the indiscriminate slaughter of animals that follows the construction of the ark. Afraid on a global sea, Noyes takes God's original commandment to "have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air" as a license to destroy rather than a call to conserve.

Findley uses the character of Noyes as a target and a warning. With his satiric wit, he gladdens his love of power and his faith in his own righteousness. Noyes often resembles Marj Maguire spokesmen such as Rev. Jerry Falwell. His wish for destruction finds an echo in political leaders who prefer to fight with a nuclear war rather than strive for peace. Noyes's brutal mistreatment of his wife and family shows that Findley is also attacking the whole patriarchal system by which men expect their women to obey. Wise and unyielding, Mrs. Noyes embodies the eternal opposition to any kind of tyranny.

Still, Findley plainly had fun writing *Not Wanted on the Voyage*. The book is leech with whimsical images, such as a choir of musical sheep who warble *The Ship Boat Song*, Shrek. He derides the River and even Agony Den. With devilish-like inventiveness, Findley gives succinct and poignant explanations for the absence from the modern world of cats, demons and fairies. The proud,

loving, indomitable Metty represents a particular triumph. For centuries cats are to domestic as Uther Leaning and Y&R Kijon have tried to portray the inner life of cats. Few, if any, have succeeded as well as Findley.

But for all its virtues, *Not Wanted on the Voyage* is only a qualified success.

Written with evident haste as well as gusto, it could have benefited from a final revision. Findley's language is sometimes a weak vessel for his ideas. The novel's long digressions from chapter to chapter as if Findley were exploring whether the dinosaurs, prehistoric or natural element should be uprooted. *Not Wanted on the Voyage* spins a fine yarn, but it seems it's for 40 or 50 pages too many. All in all, it is probably the strongest novel to appear this year. Cat lovers, feminists and rebels everywhere may find that reward enough.

—MARK ABLEY

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Answers to unasked questions

YEARS OF IMPATIENCE 1950-1960

By Gérard Pelletier
(*Maclean's*, 363 pages, \$24.95)

Gérard Pelletier was Canada's ambassador to France when he began writing his "recollections" in the late 1970s. Perhaps that is why the resulting memoir, issued in an English translation as *Years of Impatience* 1950-1960, became an exercise in promoting orientalism: Pelletier very much wants people to recognize him as an activist intellectual, a man who fought in some of the great struggles of his time.

But few would surmise the French probably did not care about the diplomat's past. Or they shared most English-Canadian's perception of Gérard Pelletier as a distinguished journalist who, with Jean Marchand and Pierre Trudeau (Quebec's "Three Wise Men" of the 1960s), helped modernize Quebec federal politics, who served competently in four Trudeau cabinets and who became an honored elder statesman. Why should he be writing about forgotten events of the 1950s?

The answer seems to be Pelletier's belief in a Quebec that the struggle against Maurice Duplessis' conservative dominance of the province in the

1950s was the formative time in the history of his generation. Pelletier makes it clear that he is greatly upset by the new "instant history" of the 1960s, which sometimes undervalues his group's role in the struggle, or, as in Conrad Black's widely read *Duplessis*, takes delight in the orthodox view of Duplessis as an evil, authoritarian reactionary. Pelletier's book is a personal and running attempt to set the record straight and protect his own reputation among his fellow Quebecers.

It is not entirely convincing. There are a few revealing vignettes of Pelletier and friends on the post-war at the John-Manville strike in asbestos, Que., in 1949 and at other noted labor battles of the era and, more revealingly, discovering rural poverty on their six holidays. The former journalist-broadcaster is at his best discussing how the growth of the media, particularly TV, stimulated a new openness in Quebec society and



Pelletier for the record

politics during the 1950s. It was no accident, he argues, that René Lévesque, one of Canada's first French-language media stars, rose quickly to political prominence. Throughout, the book's language subtly characterizes Lévesque as a John-Deere-late to the real political movement, which he believes dates from at least the asbestos strike.

But Lévesque ran far off and was elected in 1969. Pelletier and his friends spent the 1950s in political limbo, articulating all parties from a vaguely socialist perspective and publishing the semi-irregularist intellectual magazine *Out-Flare*. Pelletier never directly confronts the view that his colleagues were intellectual peffles: enoches or that they caricatured Duplessis and the state of Quebec life to the point of hysteria.

Not many readers outside Quebec may care much. Even true believers may not be attracted to a partisan account of the first five years of the wise men's journey. What happened to them after they got so battle-born seems much more important.

—MICHAEL BLISS



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Revelations from the front

TUG OF WAR

By W. Dennis Whitaker and Sir Ralph Whitaker (Booklet, 141 pages, \$21.95)

The battle dropped over the Scheldt battlefield as the Dutch-Belgian border earned a clear message: "French Canadians, soldiers of the Regt. of Mont Royal." You are in a country where there is nothing but rivers and canals. The English were clever enough to send you to the most difficult battlefield. You are not obliged to fight. Lay down your arms, helmet and belt, desert, stick your hands up, put up the white flag and you are saved." While few—if any—of the transatlantic soldiers of the Fusiliers Mont Royal heeded the words of the efficient German propaganda machine in October, 1964, there was some truth in them. The Scheldt was the worst that the Canadian Army had to face in the campaign in northwest Europe. Two of them, by Sir W. Dennis Whitaker and his wife, Sir Ralph, is the full story of that campaign.

Whitaker, then the commanding officer of the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, is the first Canadian frontline commander to publish his experiences. As general, brigade commander or battalion commander before Whitaker had told his story. As a result, the more genuine British and Americans had the field to themselves, each interested in proving that his country had won the war despite the stupidity of the other. The Canadians never appear in these accounts, except in reference to the British army. That makes *Tug of War* a breakthrough. The book is all the more valuable for the Whitakers' lengthy views of participants. Allied and German, and their stunts through the records of five countries. The result, despite flaws in organization and style, is a major contribution to the history of Canada's war effort.

The goal of the Scheldt campaign was to clear the approaches of Antwerp, the great port city that the Allies had captured intact at the beginning of September, 1944. Curiously, almost as one—except the Nazis—seemed to recognize that Antwerp's docks were useless without the liberation of the Scheldt estuary. The Germans assessed the situation, manufactured a tough army out of the remnants of the troops defeated in Germany, and prevented the use of Antwerp for more than two months.

For the 1st Canadian Army, the fighting in the inhospitable lowlands of the Dutch provinces of Beveland and

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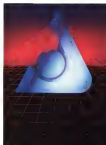
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The Canadian hero as victim as anything that the Canadians encountered. It was a slaughterhouse day after day, and more than 12,000 Canadian officers and men were killed or wounded in the long struggle. To the Whitakers, the Canadian battle for the Scheldt was a tale of heroism in the face of military and political bungling. There were officers who cracked, and caused their men to break and run in panic, there were leaders who ordered repeated and fruitless attacks on impenetrable positions in full daylight, and there were generals—including Supreme Allied Commander Dwight D. Eisenhower—who, the authors say, did not understand what was happening on the battlefield.

The Canadian hero of the book is Gen. Guy Simonds, commander of the 1st Canadian Army during the Scheldt campaign. "The Count," as he was known at the Royal Military College while a student, was just 41 when he ran his great battle, "a ruthless s.o.b." who had no qualms about firing officers who failed. One officer said that Simonds "would make a very cold-blooded mathematical calculation. He would send his men through their own artillery barrages if he thought fewer of them would be killed than by not putting down any barrages and having them go against enemy machine-guns." Simonds was also a tactical innovator, the developer of an armored personnel carrier and the inventor of "artificial moonlight," which bounced searchlight beams off clouds to illuminate night battles.

He was also the man who devised the plan to submerge Walcheren Island, which dominated the estuary. Simonds proposed bombing the dikes and flooding the low-lying land, hampering the Germans and creating new beaches over which his men could assault. The island fell much more easily than expected after only nine weeks. *Tug of War* convincingly portrays Simonds as the ablest general the Canadian Army ever produced.

No political figures emerge with credit in the Whitakers' story. Prime Minister Mackenzie King had insisted sending conscripts overseas in the name of national unity. The authors condemn King and his defense minister, J. Layton Ralston, for failing to replace the army's casualties with trained nonscript infantrymen. And the Whitakers accuse the government of breaking the enlisted men's "unfilled contract" with Canada. "We were willing to risk our lives for our country," they said, "but we expected our country to look out for us." That is powerful advocacy, a disturbing message that should compel a re-examination of the conscription crisis of 1964. *Tug of War* is an important, moving and pathbreaking book.

—J.L. GUN MASTERS

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Fighting for Vancouver

The past two Vancouver mayoralty election campaigns have featured few issues and a small voter turnout on polling day. Not unlike, Dutch-born businessman Willem Vander Zalm's challenge to Michael Harcourt's bid for re-election later this month has rejected welcome color and excitement

into this year's race. The reason: Vander Zalm, a former Social Credit cabinet minister and former mayor of Surrey, a suburb of Vancouver, has been one of the most respected and popular politicians in British Columbia during the past 15 years. Describing himself as a "career politician" who recently moved

from Surrey, Vander Zalm acknowledged that he is the underdog in the contest. But Harcourt is taking his rival seriously, even though a recent poll showed the mayor with 50 per cent of voter support to 30 per cent for Vander Zalm. Declared Harcourt, "If you want someone like him to sneak up and become mayor, then just be complacent."

The struggle for the mayor's office reflects the polarization that characterizes provincial politics in British Columbia. Vander Zalm is running for the New Democrats, a civic party that Liberals and Conservatives formed in the 1990s to keep socialists out of city hall. That coalition succeeded in controlling Vancouver for 40 years. But now Harcourt, who was an unsuccessful candidate for the New Democrats in the 2000 provincial election, is running as an independent backed by four left-leaning aldermen who have dominated the 11-member council during the past four years. Already, Vander Zalm has lashed out at what he calls the "Communists on council" who, he complains, waste their time debating such issues as nuclear disarmament.

Despite the two candidates' clear-cut differences, they have similar reasons for seeking the job: both want to provide over Vancouver's destiny at a time when the city is undergoing one of the most dramatic transformations since it was incorporated 98 years ago. During Harcourt's tenure about \$5 billion worth of federal and provincial funds have poured into the city to support huge development projects, which include a \$1-billion world transportation and communications fair in 1995. At the same time, a \$2-billion rapid transit system linking downtown Vancouver with neighboring New Westminster and Surrey will upgrade a network that relies heavily on 35-year-old trolley buses. And on the city's waterfront, a \$187-million project, funded largely by Ottawa, is replacing decaying wharves with a convention centre, a cruise ship terminal dock, a harborfront hotel and the federal parkland for Expo '86.

Until Harcourt won assurances that Expo '86 would not leave the city with a massive debt, he had opposed the potentially sponsored project on the shores of False Creek. Declared the mayor, "We did not want Expo to be just a six-month party which leaves us with a bad hangover." For his part, Vander Zalm has always supported the huge projects now shaping the face of Vancouver and he argues that he would be a better civic promoter than Harcourt. Added Vander Zalm, "What the city lacks is salesmanship." Still, before he can tell Vancouver to the world, Vander Zalm has to sell himself at the polls on Nov. 30.

—JANE O'HARA in VANCOUVER



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THE ARTS

Culture's captain charts a course

By Anthony Wilson-Smith

When Prime Minister Brian Mulroney named Marcel Masse as communications minister last September, the first reaction of most members of the Canadian arts community was, "Marcel who?" For months insiders had expected the powerful portfolio, which controls the CBC, the National Film Board (NFB), the Canada Council and the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC), to go to David Crombie, the former Conservative opposition culture critic. Instead, Mulroney chose Masse, a 45-year-old former Quebec provincial cabinet minister. Now, as Masse prepares to lay down the outlines of the federal communications policy for the next four years, there is increasing concern among some observers over the direction in which the minister is likely to move. Amid widespread reports last week about the depth of impending budget cuts in the department, former Canada Council chairman Mayor Masse declared, "Right now, we are living in very, very worrisome times."

Most of the concern centres on Masse's plans for funding cutbacks and the apparent direction of his communications policies. So far, he has made only general public statements about the need for budget cuts and changes in "government activities as well as government policy." But privately, spokesmen for affected bodies say they fear that the cuts may be severe. The biggest loser may be the CBC, whose executives say they have been told that the cabinet might cut their \$896-million annual grant by as much as \$100 million. As well, similar cutbacks, totaling between 20 and 15 per cent of several bodies, are anticipated by both the NFB and the Canada Council. Government severies also indicate that Masse is planning to replace senior arts officials, including Canada Council director Timothy Fortin, who are both widely respected but identified as Liberals.

Concern over the reductions is particularly acute at the Canada Council, the main instrument through which government gives what has been tradition-

ally known as its "arm's length" support to the operations of theatres, dance troupes, publishers and visual artists. A replacement for the independent-minded Fortin could be announced as early as this week. Masse said that if Masse also moves, as most believe he will, to

served as education and intergovernmental affairs minister in Quebec's Union Nationale government in the 1960s and who was a staunch provincial nationalist, may see his present offer to accept political posts in his home province. Said Vancouver arts critic Max Wyman: "There's already a feeling here that, yet again, the West may find itself forgotten in favour of the central provinces."

Masse is French-Canadian bilingual, but he prefers to read all country documents in French and he is far more comfortable in French than in English. Because of that, aides insist, he is occasionally misunderstood—as in a recent CBC English radio interview in which he appeared to suggest that controversies over political involvement in arts funding were more of an "atmospheric concern." Senior members of the PQ also regard Masse as likely choice for provincial Conservative leader if the federal Tories rejuvenate the provincial party. Said Quebec Tory MP Marcel Duha, who has known Masse since their days in the Union Nationale: "Marcel is extremely bright and charming, and extremely ambitious."



Masse, 'extremely bright and extremely ambitious'

Masse himself was unavailable for interviews despite repeated requests from Mulroney's and Mulroney has ordered government aides not to speak to the press directly, but senior communications department officials said privately that many of the current concerns about Masse are unfounded. Said one adviser: "It is ridiculous. Everyone is drawing in their wagons to defend themselves before the gun has even done anything publicly."

Still, wherever Masse decides to make his inevitable cuts, he is likely to encounter formidable opposition. The more than 24,000 people employed in arts-related occupations make the field the largest among nonmanufacturers in the country. Because that figure also includes the communications field, they are also potentially one of the most vocal lobby groups. One aide to Masse added, "Everybody wants the government to cut, yes, and—well, it affects them directly. And the bigger the group, the louder the boiler." With the reality of almost-certain budget cuts (laid ahead, the current whisper of concern may become shouts of protest).

Those gestures have raised suspicions in some cultural circles that Masse, who



Curtis and T  bi: through the predictable clutter of one man's ordinary mind

FILMS

Pursuing a fading past

LE JOUR "S,"
Directed by Jean Pierre L  vesque

Jean Pierre L  vesque is one of the brightest stars in the constellation of gifted Quebec directors that rose in the 1960s. Early on, he revealed an admirable talent for making quietly convincing films about ordinary people, including his stately *Les d  marches d'Anastasia* (The Last Breath) in 1972 about an elderly rural couple. L  vesque's latest effort, *Le Jour "S,"* (The Day "S") takes a similarly limited focus, but the results seem disappointingly far from the mellow charm and the downbeat majesty there is some evidence in L  vesque's self-conscious subtlety, "S" is in... A Swiss-made film, that he may have been aware of his film's shortcomings. But telling the viewer that the film is sentimental bawdiness is not from being so. *Le Jour "S,"* has the same of lost love little better than so few as all.

The film follows a Montrealer, Jean-Baptiste Beaupr   (Pierre Cur  ), through a day of his life as he waits for his actress-girlfriend, Claire Branch   (Marie T  bi), to return from Toronto that evening. Jean-Baptiste flies away the hours by buying new underwear, watching a movie, remembering his youth and going to bed with his ex-wife. With its numerous flashbacks and fantasies, *Le Jour "S,"* becomes a pastiche of Jean-Baptiste's entire life, from his first sexual refraction in the inhibited

1950s to the advance of middle-aged wisdom in the conservative 1980s.

Clearly, L  vesque manages to give some unity to those random memories by having T  bi play the parts of all the women who attract Jean-Baptiste. Wearing a variety of wigs and makeup styles, T  bi (ten best different) appears as Jean-Baptiste's lover—and also as his ex-wife, a cinema actress, a pregnant woman on a bus and several others. T  bi skillfully plays each part in a different style, while remaining obviously the same woman all along. The device nicely underlines the old truth that people tend to choose the same type of companion over and over again.

But in designing the past of the aging Jean-Baptiste, L  vesque has given Cur   (and his message) little to work with. Jean-Baptiste is a passive, timid fellow, although at times his very lack of imagination is amusing: sitting at a restaurant he fantasizes about the other patrons moving around tables in his underwear. Indeed, *Le Jour "S,"* does not consistently achieve the measure of pathos and gentle humor to which it aspires until the last scene, when Jean-Baptiste must confess his love to his ex-wife. The confrontation has a poignant honesty and mystery that is really lacking elsewhere. Viewers may find themselves wishing that *Le Jour "S,"* started where it finishes—rather than pausing for so long through the predictable clutter of one man's ordinary mind.—JOHN BRUNICK

Justice after a generation

THE REVOLT OF JOB
Directed by J  zsef Gergely and Baris Kabay

Few dramas after the Holocaust, considering up an image or story that vividly recreates its horrors, as *The Revolt of Job* attempts to do, seem increasingly difficult. Whether it actually's million of victims were Jews the Nazis gassed in the ovens, Armenians massacred by the Turks or Cambodians asghored by the Khmer Rouge, the creative imagination of history compared to the ingenuity man has historically displayed in destroying his fellow man. For pure masses and terror, few scenarios can match the reality of babies' heads dashed out against tree trunks or the enormous glass cases at Auschwitz filled with shoes from hair.

The Revolt of Job, runner-up for best film at Cannes in 1983 and an Oscar nominee in 1984, is also based on fact, not fiction. Like that glass case at Auschwitz, its most powerful prompt is a powerful response to the workings of evil. Hungarian director J  zsef Gergely actually experienced the events in the film and has transferred them into an act of understated but futile revenge. Unfortunately, the result is a bad-acted and controversial picture in a country whose government is currently raising the public profile of Jews—a case sign to many that official forgetting may follow.

Gergely's *Job*, a gentle, was a young boy in 1943 and left his story through L  szl   G  bor F  l  r, an orphan adopted by a middle-aged Hungarian Jewish couple. Their seven children all died young, and Job (Pierre Berth  ) has vowed to defy fate by adopting a son. Aware that the tragedy he'd lived through could be his, he's not willing to spread to Nazi-occupied Hungary. Job chooses a gruffie so that the boy can inherit his wealth—and, he hopes, the spiritual essence of his religion, if not its outward trappings.

Apart from the opening and closing scenes, *The Revolt of Job* is a trivial, sentimental film. In the beginning, farmer Job and his wife, Anna (T  bi), pick L  szl   out of the orphanage waiting pen—an idyllic, heartwarming scene eerily foreshadowing the relationship elsewhere. Viewers may find themselves wishing that *Le Jour "S,"* started where it finishes—rather than pausing for so long through the predictable clutter of one man's ordinary mind.—JOHN BRUNICK

crystal points of wisdom (rendered even more impressive by curt subtitles). So showed even the directors with softening audience sympathies for the story's final blow that, pleading a cause, they can't make a movie.

The setting in *The Revolt of Job* is excellent, and the delicate cinematography is attractive, but each incident acquires meaning only in the context of the film's troubling moral imperative. Still, the understated ending is truly haunting. As the Hungarian militia hauls away L  szl  's adoptive parents, he chooses the cart, but they pretend not to know him, impressively presenting the boy from sharing their doom. In that moment, in the confused look of sympathy and concern on L  szl  's face, the idea for *The Revolt of Job* was born.

Gergely's revenge is complete. To a nation that has rarely acknowledged its anti-Semitism, his film bears honest witness to a hidden shame. It also defies the conventional wisdom among surviving Jews in Eastern Europe that the less said about their history, the better. What makes *The Revolt of Job* a truly quite a message is its inability to explore fully the passionate motives of Job's defiance—his pride, his fierce faith and the awesome, terrifying legacy that he inherits on the same punishing L  szl   before his departure. Job gives the boy a bloody knife Gergely could have placed that knife deep into the heart of the human condition, but he has only scratched the surface.

—MARK CHAMBERS

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Fourth Protocol*, Forsyth (C)
- 2 *First Among Equals*, Acker (C)
- 3 *The Talisman*, King and Strach (C)
- 4 *The Aquitaine Proposition*, L  vesque (C)
- 5 *The Day After*, (C)
- 6 *Strong Medicine*, Pinsky (C)
- 7 *Job: A Comedy of Justice*, Allev   (C)
- 8 *Pratt*, Pinsky (C)
- 9 *And Ladies of the Club*, Lawrence (C)
- 10 *Touch-Guns Don't Dance*, Meade (C)

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Promised Land*, Berke (C)
- 2 *What They Don't Teach You At Harvard Business School*, Cernick (C)
- 3 *The Book of David*, (C)
- 4 *Plagues and Men*, Wynn (C)
- 5 *Living Each Other*, Shugart (C)
- 6 *In God's Name*, Miller (C)
- 7 *Intense*, Jussim with Nuss (C)
- 8 *There's a Hooker Store*, (C)
- 9 *William and Mary*, (C)
- 10 *Looking for Trouble*, Worthington (C)
- 11 *Gorky, Gorky and Poplar* (C)
- 12 *Robinson*, (C)

(C) Previews list only

MUSIC

A crescendo of success

When American composer Philip Glass first performed his repetitive total score in the 1960s, it was often to audiences of fewer than a dozen people. Now Glass, 47, is enjoying what is probably contemporary music's most successful career in recent decades. He has an exclusive contract with CBS Records—almost unprecedented among serious composers—and has just completed a third Canadian tour with his ensemble, with concerts in

rhythms and short, melodic fragments. Meanwhile, *The Civil Wars* (1983) will open in Los Angeles on Nov. 24, and Glass's low-hour *Divisions on the Beach* (1978) will again on Dec. 11 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Glass is also working on three new projects: scoring the film for Paul Schr  der's feature on Japanese novelist Yukio Mishima, planning an opera based on Boris Lewis's *The Making of the Representative for Planet 8* and composing an album of songs in collaboration with Paul Simon, rock singer David Byrne and performance artist Laurie Anderson.

Glass's diversity sprang from surprisingly traditional roots. He graduated from New York's prestigious Juilliard School of Music and then studied in Paris with Nadia Boulanger, the legendary teacher of many present modern composers, including Aaron Copland. Glass's creative breakthrough came in 1966, when a film production company hired him to describe the impressions of Indian student Ravi Shankar. Glass found the repetitive rhythms and hypnotic cadences of Indian music fascinating. While Western music has evolved along strong narrative lines, with exposition, development, climax and denouement, Glass realized what to compose pieces that were more meditative, a music oriented toward states rather than events. His compositions were unduly and quickly repeating role but immediately tapped into a timeless fabric of solid sound. At times it seemed as if he had orchestrated the dance of the atom or simply amplified the continuous purring of electrical tubes.

Glass: the dance of the atom

London, Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto. Composing in his growing popularity, the composer told *Newsday's* last week "Music has changed, and listeners have changed too. Today we have a big, young audience that wants new stuff." With listeners in concert halls, rock clubs, art museums and opera houses, it is safe to assume that Glass's years of rumormongering for grants and driving taxes are finally behind him.

Within the next five weeks those of his operas will appear on U.S. stages. His latest, *Adriano*, about the Egyptian moon-bitten pharaoh, opened on Nov. 5 in a sidewalk house at the New York Opera. Said *The New York Times*: "Most of this score is simply wordless in its refinement and imagination." Typical of Glass's style, it is based on simple chords, repeated

At first, the way in which Glass simplified his compositional materials emphasized a nihilist-does-it-again, which then performed the complexity of serial, serial music. Donald Berman, a music critic for *The New York Times*, termed the extreme simplicity of Glass's music a dead end. But it was that very simplicity that has won him his devoted audience. Said Glass: "It takes now like serial music was just an exercise, and the further development of serial music may be what is really important in the 20th century." Whether Glass is at the vanguard of a historic reversal to tonality or simply a highly sophisticated yet minimalist revival to be seen. At the very least, he has proved many preconceptions about what music ought to be and has opened up a new way of listening to it. —ROSEANNE SHOOK



The secret source of power

By Allan Fotheringham

Every politician, of course, feels it is unique, the exchange owner of some magical quality. Indeed the other nine, it is what makes Canada's provinces divided 10 times with enough left over for two territories. Ontario naturally has the majority dined all the others. Alberta the homestead spirit of free-booting capitalism. New Brunswick the most fervent of fishermen in the land. British Columbia has a lock on the forests and the weather. Prince Edward Island has the most preposterous claim to be a separate jurisdiction. The true base of Canada, however, is the province that happens (not by accident) to be at the heart of the country. All the great ones come from Saskatchewan.

It really need not be said that way by public relations men, but it would seem the juicy Colin Thatcher murder trial, the scraps roasting so that it was out of some winery Packer town in the Deep South, was designed to prove to the rest of the fact that Saskatchewan is not dull.

As if to counter the feminist court testimony coming out of Saskatoon, Premier Grant Devine staged an event the other night to offer evidence about the quiet Saskatchewan. The province has the most stable economy in the country now, its wheat complemented by oil and gas, fertilizer and uranium. All of these lead out to world markets, but Saskatchewan's biggest export remains brains. Devine's government, to celebrate this fact, threw a gala evening to honour its sons and daughters of the soil who, as we know, recently ran Canada. If the plane bringing them into Regina had crashed, it would have wiped out most of the intellect of Western civilization.

It has been known for some time that the upper reaches of the mandarinate in Ontario are populated almost exclusively by people who spent their early lives rearing geese. There are entire reaches of Backfield filled with deputy ministers who still know what a pith-

bull looks like. This evening in the Hotel Saskatchewan (which has the best restaurant this side of New York, better than any in insider Ottawa) there is such a Bank of Canada Gov. Gerald E. Bony, who hark from the westwind of Aulford. Also the deputy governor, Gordon Thomson, who apparently learned to count in Saskatchewan. Half the corporate world of the country comes from stable-growing land. Present in Arden Hayes, president of Imperial Oil. Also James Hay, chairman of Dow Chemical. Also John Sticks, president of Gulf Canada, who started in North Battleford, and



Oliver Smith, grandson of Pratt & Whitney, who was born in that centre of culture and learning, Estevan.

Star of the night is our deputy Governor General, Jeanne Sauvé, looking as polished as ever in brilliant green. She got her start (a Peafowl house, which is northeast of Saskatoon, and it was obviously her Saskatchewan sophistication that allowed her to run so steadily through the intellectual ranks of Quebec, through Trudeau and Pelletier and the rest, to become cabinet minister, Speaker of the Commons and now the matriarch of Rideau Hall. Where would the country be, I ask you, without the breakfast of the land? Sauvé said, "We've all stayed in Saskatchewan, the capital of Canada would be here in Regina." Modesty is another of our characteristics.

Commissioner Robert Stuenkel, chief fan of the country so long of the soil is from mighty Aulford, and he looked as if he could even have brought

his horse. Dr. Beverly Koster in the clerk of the House of Commons. Jonathan McQueen in commissioner of the Public Service Commission of Canada, a lobbyist for all the velvet servants. Berne and the "children of Saskatchewan" had a "kindred spirit" that he thought had something to do with service to people. Tommy Douglas, still recovering from his injuries sustained when an Ottawa bus was so sorry as to tangle with him, couldn't make it. But Mr. Justice Wilfred Z. Estey, of the Supreme Court of Canada, did. So did Mr. Justice Darrin V. Hordell of the Federal Court. Come to think of it, the provincial justice of the Supreme Court, Brian Dickson, is a Saskatoon.

The intelligent Joni Mitchell, without her guitar, is present, Saskatoon her home. There is the handsome Keith Morrison, now performing his Vincent Price act on *The Journal*. There is the second most famous product of Wadena, Richard Detry, a legend in his own mind, based as a high altitude in Ottawa and now the owner of the most elegant seats in Bill Davis's Tory government (which isn't hard). Most famous product of Wadena is Pamela Walkin, who has gone so

where but up state leaving the postscript in Saskatoon (as a social worker) doing therapy and breaking hearts (not racial and now appears every travelling salesman in the land with her set on Grande A M Saskatoon's Joyce Davidson sends her regards, so does Moose Jaw's Earl Cameron.

W.D. Mitchell of Weyburn and Max Brantford of Nekebec wouldn't make it, and, for some strange reason I couldn't figure out, no one invited post Saskatchewan Geoff Hove, from Flin Flon, was elsewhere and occupied that night on a foreign run with Regis Twister from Chiswick. Best discovery, however, was that yet another daughter of the soil is Zena Cherry, who daily debauches Toronto's Establishment figures in her Globe and Mail social page columns. That someone from here is the ultimate adviser on Toronto's social climbers is true Saskatchewan revenge.

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